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A FASHIONABLE TOILET.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

SCENE, a drawing-room gayly bedecked for a ball ;
Persons present, a lady majestic and tall,
With her daughter, a lovely 'creation of art,'
And perfect, excepting that trifle — a heart !

Resplendent they sit, with a grand, high-born air —
The lady so stately, the daughter so fair —
Their diamonds out-shining the dew on the flower,
Or the glittering drops of a fresh April shower.

Not a single defect in their toilet was seen,
Not a grace was there wanting in carriage or mien,
And Fashion pronounced them correct and complete,
From their *coiffure* so chaste, to their satin-shod feet.

How they hated that terrible word, *parvenu*,
How they did what that tyrant, 'the World' bade them do !
Gave the dinners and balls which were due to their station,
And ignored with sweet grace every poorer relation.

THE HUSBAND OF A FASHIONABLE WIFE.

How they almost grew wild, when 'papa' sometimes broke
From the '*You must do this and do that*,' the hard yoke
Which hung o'er his life, with a terrible weight,
And galled him forever, both early and late.

Poor man ! how he longed, when o'er-wearied at night
With the talk and the turmoil, the work and the fight
Of the great business-world, to lie down and repose,
And forget for a while that his path had its woes,

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Or his heart had its thorns: and he sometimes would dream
Of a low cottage-porch and a murmuring stream,
Where a placid-faced wife drew his head on her breast,
And whispered, sweet comfort, of joy and of rest.

In the vision it seemed that his children were there,
Sporting wild on the lawn with their free flowing hair;
And the happy day crowned, all regardless of wealth,
With a plain rustic meal, and the sound sleep of health.

But 't was only a dream, and 't was hard to forget
That he was the husband of grand Mrs. Nett,
And the father, moreover, of charming Adele,
Who ranked, beyond doubt, as the most approved belle.

POOR RELATIONS.

But as fortune will have it, such things there still are —
A fact recognized by mankind near and far —
As poor kith and poor kin, those most troublesome bores,
Upon whom, if we could, we would shut our great doors.

Now the Netts, as they walked in their grandeur and pride,
Though they knew such things were, little thought by their side,
On the night of their ball, such a ghost as a cousin,
A maiden just one of a round baker's dozen,

Would spring up in their way: but I'll show you the letter,
And then you will know all the facts so much better
Than I could explain them. A thundering peal
Of the bell brought a note — Mrs. Nett broke the seal.

Good heavens! what pallor o'erspread her fine face;
How nearly she fainted, but 't was done with great grace,
I assure you: 'Adele! quick, oh! quick, my dear child:
Speak, what shall we do? or my brain will grow wild!'

Her daughter, more lately escaped from the school,
Where every emotion is hidden by rule,
Took the missive, and slowly pronouncing, she read
The words which her mother seemed so much to dread:

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

'My sister beloved, though long years have gone by,
Since we shared the same couch, shared each smile and each sigh,
Though distance our lives has divided in two,
Yet never has faded my deep love for you.

‘As a proof that I know, all unchanged by your wealth
And ‘The World,’ you remain, I send you by stealth
My sweet rose-bud, Jessie, my young rustic child :
(You’ll find her, I fear, somewhat simple and wild.)

‘Unpolished, but gentle, I trust her to you :
Oh ! keep her still guileless, and pious and true :
Display to her eyes all the wonders you boast ;
But teach her to love her home duties the most.

‘But you are a mother ; nor need I advise
Nor express all my hopes and my fears as they rise :
Be a mother unto her, my own cherished child,
And smile upon her, as on me you have smiled

‘In the far-away time of our dear childhood’s hours,
When life was a tissue of fair woven flowers.
Farewell, and expect the dear child by the morrow :
Our parting is mingled with joy and with sorrow.

‘For she leaves me — how sad and how mournful the sound !
And yet in your love recompense will be found ;
For with you as her guide, and a friend in Adele,
What have I to fear ? Nothing : sister, farewell !’

MISGIVINGS.

Blanched was the cheek of the fair reader, too :
To-morrow ! No respite ! The moments how few !
This season, of all other times, to intrude,
With her *gauche* country manners, unpolished and rude !

Why, what would the elegant Fontenoy say ?
Alas ! that they ever had witnessed that day :
Of course his attentions would cease : could he bear —
He, the polished — her vulgar and countrified air ?

Would he, the fastidious, long-travelled beau,
Claim kin with those cousins — a terrible row,
All poverty-stricken, and worse, unrefined,
Without any culture of manners or mind ?

It is true that they never this Jessie had seen ;
But no more could they speak of her aspect or mien,
For the door, opened wide by gloved waiter, displayed
A crowd of their guests in ball costume arrayed.

Never before was Adele so much praised,
Never before were her hopes so much raised ;
For Fontenoy whispered in tenderest tone,
And he sought in the dance the fair Adele alone.

But pleasures must end, and so ended this eve,
As the guests, one by one, most reluctant, took leave ;
And the mother and child met once more, to deplore
The chance that had led Jessie Gray to their door.

‘Out of sight’ they would keep her, most wisely they said ;
And then by the sun-light betook them to bed,
To dream of their triumphs in banquet and hall,
And the fame of their last most successful grand ball.

But the father, the worker, so care-worn and gray,
Was smiling, most strangely to see, the next day ;
For a vision came o’er his companionless mind,
That in Jessie a comfort and friend he would find.

And thus very true was the welcome she found,
As in his fond arms he encircled her round ;
But the others! — her aunt, so stately and cold,
And the girl, fair Adele, with her trinkets and gold —

Their measured words chilled her and saddened her heart,
And she longed from that strange gorgeous home to depart ;
And she yearned for the night in the darkness to weep,
And to lose her sad thought in oblivious sleep.

JESSIE GRAY.

‘Out of sight!’ it was politic, I must confess :
It was wise in the Netts, most certainly, yes ;
But for far other reasons than first had been given,
They kept Jessie Gray from their own brilliant heaven.

She was bright, she was lovely, sweet, gentle, refined,
All the graces seemed in her fair person combined ;
And one would have thought that the blue of her eyes
Had been caught from the deep azure tint of the skies :

And her lashes drooped o’er them like night o’er the sea,
And her red lips were tempting as bud to the bee,
While her form was as lithe as the breeze-cradled spray,
And as buoyant with health as the goddess of day.

'Out of sight!' far too young, so they told her, was she,
At balls and at routs and at dinners to be;
But, of course, with the children and nurse in the park,
She might go, if she chose, quite as soon as the lark.

And beside, she must read: it was good for her mind:
What books? Oh! why, any to which she inclined;
And then quiet evenings would keep up the glow
On her cheeks — 't was good counsel, we very well know.

This was only dear reader, to last till the day,
When the young Fontenoy, in plain language would say
To the blooming Adele: 'Lovely one, be thou mine,'
And to hear her lips murmur, blest words, 'I am thine!'

And remember, 't was only in quite an 'aside,'
To her mother she whispered, 'When I am a bride
I will *chaperone* Jessie; but just now, you know,
'T would scarcely be right her fair features to show.'

But hours and days on swift pinions flew by,
And wasted forever was many a sigh;
And fading and faded grew brilliant Adele,
The proud and the haughty and beautiful belle.

AN INNOCENT COUNTER-PLOT.

And brighter and brighter grew Jessie's blue eye,
And sweeter her voice as the time hasted by,
And happy she seemed with an old musty book
In the quiet retreat of some tree-sheltered nook.

At dawn, with her uncle, who loved her so well,
She wandered o'er hill and in shadowy dell,
And when the night came still well pleased would she read
Some tale to amuse the lone man in his need.

But the truth must be told — in those calm, early hours,
When the dew was bespangling the glittering flowers,
Another had found that he loved nature too,
Another admired a fine sun-rise view.

And young Jessie Gray, with the good Mr. Nett,
Each morning this lover of Nature's works met,
And when the soft shadows stole over the plain,
He sometimes would join the glad couple again.

A BELLE'S BOUDOIR.

One day Mrs. Nett, with a grand, pompous air,
And a look of unrest on her features so fair,
Bade Jessie repair to her dear cousin's room,
And try by her reading to banish the gloom,

That deeper and deeper stole over her heart,
And spite of all treatment refused to depart.
She entered — rare indeed were the luxuries seen,
The room was a palace, its inmate a queen.

Her toilet in progress, she raised her white face,
With a curious stare and a funny grimace,
When she saw that 't was Jessie, that poor, harmless child,
Who her father so oft by a book had beguiled.

'Oh! my mother has sent you to read to *me*, too.
Be seated, my toilet quite soon will be through.'
And Jessie, with wonder, obedient sat,
And viewed with surprise this contrivance and that

Of a woman of 'ton,' with inquisitive look;
But first a brief glance at her cousin she took:
Could this be the brilliant, the beautiful belle,
The observed of observers, the lovely Adele?

Her form that like Hebe's seemed rounded last night,
As soft as an infant's, as pure and as white,
As plump as a Venus, as light as a Fay,
Was shrivelled and coarse in the broad light of day.

Her hair that was praised for its glorious length,
Its fineness and gloss, and its wonderful strength,
Where can it be now? Jessie raised up her eyes,
And nearly betrayed her increasing surprise;

For among a long list of receipts 'very rare'
Hung bunches of thick and luxuriant hair,
And perfumes, and lotions, and 'pommade divine,'
All labelled *cosmetics*, a regular line.

The toilet progressed — see, inclosing her waist
A circlet of bones in the corset encased,
All woven together with exquisite care,
To lend shape and *contour* to the form of the fair.

But now it was fit to give roundness and ease,
(For a form must be plump to enchant and to please,)
So 'Sea Island' supplied what in flesh was denied,
And the semblance forever detection defied.

Not that the least blame to Adele could be traced,
On her potent dress-makers the fault must be placed,
And they, too, but join all the world while they sing
In chorus majestic that 'Cotton is King!'

Then came lotions and powders and chalk, white and rose,
While a slight touch of *rouge* on her pallid cheek glows,
And a draught of red liquid gives light to her eye,
And a pencil lends tone to her brow's faded dye.

Then a brush softly drawn o'er her colorless lips
Flushed them red as the bud which the humming-bird sips.
Ah! how oft had the bards sung their rich crimson glow,
And her neck soft and white as the newly-dropped snow!

Jessie Gray gave a thought to *her* toilet so plain,
Then turned in amazement to wonder again,
For transferred were the thick, flowing locks she had seen
To the head of Adele, now of fashion the queen.

Next important and grand came the stiff crinoline,
Such a 'love of a skirt' there never was seen;
And then to give grace to the flow of the robe,
A fine *pollison* was tied on like a globe.

Last a dress crowned the whole, of a texture so fine,
That the price was above what your thought could divine;
No matter, 'papa' worked to give them such gear,
And his income was 'ever so much' by the year.

How lovely she looked in the pride of her power,
How simply she placed on her breast a white flower,
An emblem of innocence fitting the place,
Where it rested content in its exquisite grace.

A D I S A P P O I N T M E N T .

'Now Jessie, read on,' said the beauty once more,
But hark! there's a step on the hall entrance floor,
A step they both knew — said Adele: 'It is he!
Oh! what cause can bring him so early to me?'

She sailed from the room in her grandeur and state,
Almost blushing with hope, and with joy quite elate;

But alas! he had come but to bid her farewell,
The beautiful, peerless, and lovely Adele.

Farewell! And for what? Oh! he longed for his home,
For a stroll in the woods, and by pastures to roam;
He hated the chains of a cold city life,
The fashion, the folly, the meanness, the strife:

He had tried it awhile, and his soul spurned it all,
The life artificial of pageant and ball,
He would think of her ever, ay, e'en to life's end,
As a faithful, affectionate, fondly-prized friend.

This was so; and most gladly for sweet Jessie's sake,
Our hero a thorough reform tried to make;
And his newly-felt love so ennobled his heart,
That he longed from all folly and vice to depart.

He had told but the truth — at least half, I am sure —
For his pulse beat more purely than ever before;
And why? He loved truly for once in his life,
And he yearned in his breast to call Jessie his wife.

He must go, for her brief city season was o'er;
Soon her eyes would behold her low, vine-covered door;
By her blushes her secret would soon be revealed
To her parents, from whom scarce a thought was concealed.

Then he pictured their granting consent to his prayer,
When he vowed that her weal should be ever his care,
To the end of life's voyage; and her shelter, his arm,
And his love the bright circlet to keep her from harm.

And he left fair Adele. To weep over the past?
Oh! no, of her failures this was not the last,
For she still makes her toilet 't is known very well;
Our beautiful, natural, fine city belle.

A M A R R I A G E.

And last month, it is said, that the sweet Jessie Gray,
In the village of Blank, gave her fair hand away;
And 't is whispered that Nature, unaided by Art,
Holds the husband's as well as the fond lover's heart.

And 'the world,' that old lady we all must revere,
Says their honeymoon bright will last many a year;
For a union that's built on respect and on love,
Is a bud on the earth, and a blossom above.

A QUEER REPUBLIC.

THE world, there can be no doubt about it, is fond of historic parallels. We are all inclined to analogize. We delight in rummaging the past for tinsel wherewith to deck our favorite of the present. We are not content with the praises lavished on the hero of some great or fancied great achievement, unless we can recall a title illustrious in the rolls of fame wherewith to add a supplemental glow to the popularity of our favorite. What reams of paper — what eternities of patience have been wasted, in our own time, on the elaboration of comparisons between Napoleon the Great and Hannibal or Cæsar; between Bolivar and Washington; between Brigham Young, of Salt Lake City, and the eyeless fanatic Ziska, of the Bohemian hills; between John Smith and Thomas Jones; and (to come down to the month of September, 1858,) between the accomplisners of the Laying of the Cable and half the patient, plodding, unconquerable perseverers, who, in all past ages, have wrung success from the reluctant grasp of Time!

Next to historic — the two are frequently found in combination — the thirst for a discovery of geographical affinities is most remarkable. 'Every school-boy' (with information traditionally encyclopædic) knows the prettiness of a theoretical juxtaposition of countries situated widely apart in fact. We all delight in calling the White Mountains the Switzerland of America — in following the course of the Hudson with an eye to the current of the Rhine. Again, we are told that in India is to be found a complete reduplication of sturdy little Scotland; and the emigrant to New-Zealand will not be content, unless you admit that his New-Munster and New-Ulster are indubitably the Britain of the South. But the stock geographico-historical parallel of the day lies between the huge and ill-comprehensible Empire of China and the tiny little Commonwealth, far away down in South-America, which is scarcely better known than the Flowery Kingdom. In fact, the *savans* of the *Manhattan Daily Chronometer* have not yet satisfactorily settled the point, whether Paraguay is the South-American China, or China the Asiatic Paraguay.

Argues Fluellen, (of the *Daily C.*): 'If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find in the comparisons between China and Paraguay, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in China; and there is also, moreover, a river at Asuncion; it is called Paraguay at Asuncion, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is fishes in both.' Ingenious Fluellen! cut out by Nature for a Benedictine commentator, who yet, it would

seem, was belated or left behind, and so did not get himself born till a couple of centuries too late! The flimsy columns of the *Daily C.* are a poor substitute for the unbounded luxuriance of folios permitted to the brethren of St. Maur.

Yet truth there is, without doubt, or at least a smattering of it, in Fluellen's comparison. There is certainly a resemblance between Paraguay and China — a sort of negative affinity, or of similarity turned upside down. China has an immense seaboard, with bays and harbors yet unnumbered: the Paraguayans, on the contrary, scarcely know what salt water means. Yet they too have a vast extent of coast; for their country is hemmed in between two rivers, almost of the first magnitude among the fluvial wonders of the globe. Tea grows on bushes in China, and in Paraguay on trees; China is hot and swampy, and so is Paraguay. In China every body can read and write; in Paraguay about one individual in a thousand is able to do either. China believes in Buddhism; Paraguay reveres the Pope. China is the largest existing monarchy, with a population comprising at least one quarter of the human race; Paraguay is the smallest independent State in South-America, and its population does not equal, by one-third, the number of inhabitants of the city of New-York. China, in name an autoeracy, is governed very much on the republican plan; Paraguay, called a Republic, is not a bad specimen of unadulterated autocracy. Finally, China is susceptible of being bullied, and so is Paraguay.

Seriously speaking, the point of resemblance to China by this secluded little State, which is most worthy of fixing the attention, is its former complete and protracted isolation from the remainder of the world. The difficulty of access to the Celestial Empire was as nothing, but a few years since, in comparison with that of reaching Paraguay; and the task of getting in, was in its turn exceeded by the difficulty of getting out. The Republic was for many years the inaccessible diamond-valley of nations; and only at long intervals, some convenient Roc afforded the opportunity of reaching the precious locality, or of leaving it, laden with inestimable wealth. Jealousy, suspicion, exclusiveness — these were some of the bequests, among better legacies, which the Jesuit brethren left to their Empire of Paraguay.

Every body has read, or ought long ago to have read, the history of the State up to the year eighteen hundred and forty; for is it not written (without speaking of works less generally obtainable) in the accessible and entertaining pages of the Robertson brothers, of the instructive Parish, and the intense Carlyle? but there are few who have read its history for the period subsequent, for the excellent reason, that it has not yet been written. It still lies scattered in the columns of newspapers, in the wordy pages of public documents, in statistical

works, and in the archives of governments and commerce; nor would we hesitate to wish that some undaunted knight-errant of literature might brace himself to the task of collecting and digesting the widely-scattered material provided for the coming historian. There is a decided call for courage in this direction.

A mere cursory glance at the state of any nation on whom little study has been bestowed, is terribly akin to a peep at one of those panoramic views which form features so attractive in many a public show. Your vision ranges over an immensity of landscape; but every individual point is hazy and indistinct. You are perpetually inclined to rub the glass, in the hope of obtaining a more definite perception of the scene; but no ocular effort is sufficient to add clearness to the outline, or strength to the impression left upon the mind. So in a panoramic view of a political or social scene, one complains perpetually of blurred details, and of indistinctness in the whole; yet even such a glimpse is better than total ignorance. Such a glimpse is all that the world has yet obtained of Paraguay.

What we know of the Republic geographically, is little at best. A vague notion has settled down on the minds of men, that it is an inland peninsula, covering an area of some seventy thousand square miles, washed on the one side by the waters of the straight-flowing Paraguay, and on the other by those of the more impetuous and erratic Paraná. A rolling interior covered with enormous forests, trodden only by the tapir, the capybara, the peccary, the jaguar, and other irreclaimable animals, including nomadic tribes of Indians—Guaycurús, Mbayas, Payaguás, and the like—and intersected by noble streams still ignorant of usefulness: a little fringe of semi-civilization following the course of the two great demarcating rivers, and sapping gradually inward, at the rate of scarcely a mile a year—such are the principal features of the isolated State. Here and there, at distant intervals, as you sail up the Paraná, or the Paraguay, you stop before some collection of unpretending huts forming a town with a few hundred inhabitants; at very widely-separated points, you are attracted to a place of somewhat more imposing size; and at the capital, Asuncion, you find yourself in a city lacking none of the peculiarities of the Spanish-American type, while it possesses many which are exclusively its own. Again, if we penetrate the forests and traverse the luxuriant plains of the interior, we shall stumble, now and then, upon some traces of a sleepy civilization, in isolated villages and hamlets, in which a few wealthy but uneducated proprietors and their dependents lead a monotonous, easy life; and far in the interior, we shall halt at the Rich City—the venerable Villa Rica—which the energetic Spaniard, De Garay, founded very nearly three centuries ago. But no where, save

perhaps in and around the capital, shall we find life and action: Paraguay is a perpetual dream beneath a luscious sky.

If we stem the stately current of the Paraná — that magnificent river which is two miles broad at a distance of two hundred miles from its mouth — and leave it, after six or seven days' navigation, for the Paraguay just above the town of Corrientes, we shall be brought, by continuing our ascent, to the only city, worthy of that title, which the Republic can properly be said to possess. Our eleven or twelve hundred miles of fluvial navigation will terminate at Asuncion. Quaint, torrid, delightful little place, with its twelve or fifteen thousand dusky inhabitants, its plain and quiet though cheerful streets, its charming steadfastness in habits elsewhere almost obsolete, its simple but unbounded hospitality — who would not choose it as a place of residence, in preference to nine-tenths of the garish Spanish-American cities, in which the charm of creole manners and society has been sacrificed for a faint, unworthy imitation of European polish, as honest New-England rum is sometimes doctored and drugged, and presented as veritable Cognac brandy! No: Asuncion is worth a dozen Valparaisos and Limas, pleasant as those famous cities truly are; and a single one of its broad-shouldered, ignorant, hearty *vecinos* should be esteemed more highly than a dozen of the effeminate, false Portefios of Buenos Ayres, or than a score of the pretentious Creoles of the western coast.

The epithet that most naturally occurs to one, in seeking to characterize Asuncion, is the young-ladylike expletive, *charming*. The last five years have undoubtedly worked wonders in depriving the city of its individuality — in leavening it with that hateful yet inevitable yeast of 'commercial activity,' which is no sooner brought in contact with singularity and unselfishness, than it ferments them into radical change and deterioration. This hidden nook, since Urquiza opened the river Plata in 1852 to the navigators of the world, has suffered many an innovation, which would be witnessed with regret by those who love to think of Asuncion in its state of unsophisticated, dreamy quiet, that was so sweet in the days of long ago. Nor is it necessary that one should have gray hair to remember Asuncion before it was afflicted with the commercial dropsy. Ten years ago, you might walk the Plaza for a month, and meet no English-speaking stranger all the while. Then, how pleasant to lounge away the languid hours in your fragrant dwelling — yours by the laws of Creole hospitality, so long as you tarried within it as a guest — with the Señor, your courteous entertainer, and the stout Señora, and the Señoritas, so graceful and engaging, who, alas! as you reflect with a sigh, are nevertheless destined to attain, ere many years are past, a coarseness of physical

development equal to that of their respected but not particularly attractive mothers. Look at Don Fulgencio, our host, as he sits with his silver cup of *yerba* tea in one hand, and his portly segar, exhaling nicotian fragrance, between the fingers of the other. It is summer perhaps, and within twenty-five degrees of the Equator the weather has a right to be hot—a privilege which it exercises with especial sultriness at Asuncion. Don Fulgencio, therefore, has cast aside his cloth jacket, and is sitting in the thinnest practicable attire. A cotton shirt, a pair of cotton breeches or drawers reaching nearly to the ankle, and slippers delicately woven out of some species of grass or palm-leaf, are the extent of his habiliments; and his spouse is scarcely encumbered with a greater amount of clothing. La Señora wears perhaps a long petticoat (we are not now north of the Equator, or we would discreetly call it skirt) of stout white cotton, with a short gown, it may be (without body) of some colored calico, a plain chemise of cotton gathered loosely about the waist, a stomacher of lace or cambric, slippers like those of her husband, and a rosary about her neck. Can we complain, if her sprightly daughters delight in coolness and simplicity of garb no less than herself? Is it in nature to do otherwise than approve of the modest unconsciousness of 'impropriety' in their demi-toilette, or to cavil at the costume which permits the innocent display of faultlessly-rounded limbs, and the suggestion of bosoms beneath which affectionate hearts must surely beat? But it is only *chez soi*, and in the heats of summer, that our Creole friends dispense with superfluous finery. On all possible occasions, they delight in decking themselves with gorgeous apparel—the gentlemen in brilliantly-buttoned coats and waistcoats, in splendid pantaloons or breeches, with drawers embroidered in the highest style of aiguillary art, in nicely-fashioned boots of hide, with spurs as large as moderate saucers; and the ladies in robes of silken sheen, not unbespangled with metallic wealth, and with intricately-braided tresses also adorned with supplements of gold and silver.

But why waste description upon dress, when so much that is pleasant may be said of the society of our friends? Chilenos and Peruvians may boast of their *bailes* and *tertulias*; Buenos Ayres may plume herself on her reunions and lame imitations of the Rue St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré; but for sweet, unaffected heartiness, commend us to the *tertulias* of our favorite Asuncion! In the balmy summer evenings, there used frequently to be a *tertulia* at almost every house, and the reason that every house did not present one lay simply in the fact, that if all at once had played the part of entertainers, there had perforce been lack of guests. At these parties, seldom exceeding ten or fifteen in the number of their attendants, one might enjoy, far into the evening, the pleasures of conversation, of

music, of dancing, of (let us whisper it) flirtation in disjointed fragments, behind fans and such-like flying saps of Cupid; or, if one chose to join the elders, of *malilla* (whist) and many another sociable game at cards. To be sure, your conversation, though merry, could scarcely rise above the common-place; the music aspired to no higher flights than the liquid accompaniment of a guitar to the *triste* or *canto* sung by some soft-voiced señorita, and the dancing had far more of natural grace and quaint capriciousness, than of Cellarian precision; but free, unrestricted, sympathetic enjoyment could not fail to be shared in by every individual present, and the healthy hilarity of the tertulia, calling to mind the eternal gilded simper of our ball-rooms, must suggest comparisons in which Fifth Avenue goes decidedly to the wall.

Asuncion, even to-day, scarcely less than a dozen years ago, has a far stronger infusion of the Indian element in its population and its general character, than any other Spanish-American city of equal importance. The Guaraní, indeed, predominates over the Creole to a marked degree. This characteristic holds good, moreover, for the entire Republic, and may be traced to the period of Jesuit domination, when Paraguay was almost inaccessible even to the scanty immigration that Spain then sent across the sea, and the gentle Indians were civilized and educated into a species of counterfeit Christianity, and trained to the adoption of sedentary customs by the earnest, devoted, even though unscrupulous and ambitious fathers or *País*. Up and down the river, settlements of Guaranís were founded, in each of which a little group of black-robed Jesuits assumed the duties of government; and many traces of these Indian villages still survive. The influence of these settlements has been immense upon the character of the Republic. In no other South-American State has there been so complete a fusion of the white and Indian races. The Guaraní language is the most common medium of conversation even at Asuncion, and there are few families in Paraguay with whom a strong infusion of Guaraní blood does not temper the blue Castilian ichor, or the less distinguished blood of common Spain. Amalgamation with the negro race has been less frequent, although it has by no means been wanting in the community; and the *mélange* produced by the various crossings is a population gentle, lymphatic, unenterprising, slow; but at the same time amiable, teachable, and notably devoid of the fickleness which elsewhere in South-America is so prominent a characteristic. The extraordinary heat of the climate, during the greater part of the year, disabling even the native Paraguayans from physical exertion; and the scarcely paralleled fertility of the soil, exuberant with prodigal luxuriance of vegetable wonders, rendering labor scarcely necessary for the supply of physical requirements, exert a potent influence upon the character of the simple-minded people. Every necessity, almost every

luxury, is supplied them by the spontaneous products of the virgin soil: wherefore, then, toil and sweat for greater gain, instead of accepting the gifts of God and Nature, content in thankfulness? And so the Paraguayan lives his somnolent life.

Instead of marvelling at the submission of the Republic to the unrelenting despotism of the Dictator Francia, during the six-and-twenty years of irresponsible government which he enjoyed till the very moment of his death, in 1840, we should rather wonder that so remarkable a character as he — endowed no less with a strong yet subtle intellect than with boundless ambition seconded by energy quite Northern — should have arisen from among a people so devoid of mental vigor. The wonder increases, when we behold his successor, Lopez, displaying a sagacity which surpasses in many respects that of the famous Dictator himself, beside an amount of business-talent and prudence to which Francia could lay no claim. The influence of Lopez on his country has indeed been little short of miraculous for its benefit; and although the infusion of an active commercial spirit may, as we have half-complained above, expel many a pleasant, long-descended custom, and sweep away not a few of the most attractive peculiarities of the people, it is undeniable that the actual progress of Paraguay in civilization and culture, under the rule of Lopez, has been immense.

We have observed above that every one ought to have read the history of Paraguay to the year 1840, since it exists in a form more popular and attractive than that of perhaps any other Spanish-American State; but it is unfortunately too well established that the human race is prone to leave undone those things which it ought to do, as well as to do those things which it ought not to have done. It is possible that some of our readers may have neglected a palpable duty, and we will consequently devote half-a-dozen lines to a recapitulation of facts. When Spanish authority was overthrown at Buenos Ayres on the twenty-fifth of May, 1810, the Province of Paraguay remained loyally obedient to the authority of its Governor; and the Paraguayan troops actually repulsed a 'liberating army' which was led against the Spanish authorities by the Buenos Ayrean General, Belgrano; but the infectious revolutionary spirit spread at length even into that secluded refuge of loyalty, and General Velasco was shortly deposed by the identical Paraguayan Generals, Yegros and Caballero, who had carried out his orders in antagonism to Belgrano; and a *junta*, or board of government, was established, consisting of those two officers and a lawyer named De la Mora. To this junta a young and talented lawyer was further added, whose name was Francia, and who officiated as secretary. Beneath a quiet exterior Doctor Francia concealed a boundless contempt for his colleagues and an insatiable thirst for power; nor was it long before his hidden manœuvres resulted in the dismissal

of a portion of the junta, and his election to fill the post of First Consul of the Republic, with Yegros as the Second. This 'election' was the work of the Paraguayan 'Congress,' an assemblage of ignorant Creoles, who were glad enough to agree to any thing proposed to them by a being of such superhuman wisdom as they held the Doctor to be; and a few months later, a second assemblage of the 'Congress' vested the Government of the Republic, for a space of three years, in the hands of Francia alone, as Dictator. The Congress was never permitted to convene again; and for more than a quarter of a century, Francia continued to exercise this unlimited power, which he yielded only with his life.

On the death (by apoplexy) of Dr. Francia in 1840, he was succeeded in the supreme government by a junta, including the present chief ruler, Carlos Antonio Lopez, who was elected President for life in 1846. The Republic was at this time doubly secured against foreign intrusion. Even had the prohibitory decrees of Francia been insufficient to keep the feet of strangers from crossing the borders of his dominions, the arbitrary conduct of Rosas, the celebrated Governor of Buenos Ayres, effectually obviated any such possibility, by an obstinate refusal to admit foreign vessels into the river Paraná. That magnificent highway, therefore, although forming, in connection with its affluent the Paraguay, an adit by two thousand miles of inland navigation to the very heart of the continent — to the forests and alluvial plains of Paraguay, the pastoral provinces of the Argentine Confederation, the diamond-washings of Brazil, and the thousand gold and silver mines of Bolivia — was rendered utterly and sadly useless. One might skirt the river-bank for hundreds of miles without seeing its waters disturbed by vessels of greater size than a few straggling canoes, laden with *yerba* or tobacco, and manned by half-a-dozen hardy Paraguayan boatmen, which occasionally ventured down the river on trading voyages; but the ceaseless flow of the united currents bore no riches with it on its way toward the sea. The death of Francia would have brought this inactivity to an end, had not the restrictions laid by Rosas upon commerce been still continued. The sagacious Gauchoruler may have foreseen, and have been actuated by the consideration* (in addition to the delight he took in the exercise of autocratic power, and in annoying his opponents, England and France) that the opening of the Paraná could not fail to induce some such mishap for the Buenos Ayrean revenues as that which has indeed resulted. Rosas felt, in all probability, the conviction that, were the Paraná once converted into a thoroughfare for commerce, new ports must arise upon its banks, which would detract in no slight degree from the wealth and importance of his own Buenos Ayres. So the Paraná remained firmly locked. At length the field of Monte Caseros saw the downfall

of Juan Manuel de Rosas; and his quondam friend, but actual conqueror, General Urquiza, rode in triumph into Buenos Ayres. One of the first acts of the Deliverer (who cared little for the Portefios, but much for his own provinces bordering on the forbidden river) was to proclaim the freedom of the Paraná. The stream of commerce rushed instantaneously upward. The United States, Great Britain, France, Austria, and Sardinia, sent representatives to Asuncion for the purpose of negotiating treaties of amity and commerce; and Paraguay found herself for the first time in her history brought in contact with the busy world. True to the traditions of Francia's policy, she attached herself especially to England. The Dictator, in fact, had possessed ideas the most florid regarding the advantages to be derived from intimate political and commercial relations with Great Britain. In 1814, while the brothers Robertson were the only Europeans in Paraguay, and almost the only Englishmen who had ever visited Asuncion, Francia conceived a splendid scheme. Summoning John, the elder brother, to his presence on one occasion, he astonished and amused the observant merchant by the unfolding of his ambitious plan. After favoring Mr. Robertson with a sketch of his domestic policy and the motives of its exclusiveness, Francia rose from his chair, and ordered the attendant sergeant of the guard 'to bring *that*.' The sergeant withdrew, and in less than three minutes returned with four grenadiers at his back, bearing, to my astonishment, among them a large hide packet of tobacco of two hundred weight, a bale of Paraguay tea of similar dimensions and exterior, a demijohn of Paraguay spirits, a large loaf of sugar, and several bundles of segars, tied and ornamented with variegated fillets. Last of all came an old negress with some beautiful specimens of embroidered cloth, made from Paraguay cotton, and used by the luxurious as hand-towels and shaving-cloths.

Mr. Robertson naturally supposed that this valuable assortment of native produce was intended as a present for himself, as he was on the eve of returning to England, but to his astonishment, the Consul (Francia was at that time 'First Consul of the Republic') addressed him as follows :

'I desire that as soon as you get to London you will present yourself to the House of Commons, take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay, . . . and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. Tell them I have authorized you to say that I invite England to a political and commercial intercourse with me; and that I am ready and anxious to receive in my capital, and with all the deference due to diplomatic intercourse between civilized States, a minister from the Court of St.

James; I also will appoint to that Court an envoy of my own. . . . Paraguay will be the first republic of South-America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations.'

Such was the enthusiastic despot's outline of an *entente cordiale* between the two great commercial States, Paraguay and Great Britain. But Mr. Robertson took the liberty of omitting a presentation of himself at the bar of the House of Commons with the message and merchandise of the Paraguayan ruler; nor did any interchange of plenipotentiaries take place. But the fall of Rosas, eleven years after Francia's death, was succeeded by the visit of Sir Charles Hotham, and subsequently of Sir William Gore Ouseley to Asuncion, when treaties were concluded, and Paraguay brought in immediate connection with the trade of Liverpool and Southampton. At the same time, our own treaty was negotiated, and a consul appointed at Asuncion by President Pierce. How the misconduct of that official brought on a quarrel with Lopez, which was aggravated by the proceedings of Lieut. Page in the 'Waterwitch'; how Lopez lost his temper and his prudence at one and the same time; how he refused to accept the treaty returned to him, after ratification and some slight alteration by the United States Senate; and how the Administration sent out, last October, a fleet of fifteen vessels to bring him to an apology and reparation, need not be recounted here. It is a petty quarrel, which a modicum of good sense, applied in the right direction on either side, might easily have avoided.

But while bad blood has been springing up between the United States and Paraguay, the latter has attached herself more and more closely to the counsels and example of Great Britain. Within the last four years, moreover, she has taken immense strides toward a position of importance among the nations. The beneficial effects of forty years of profound quiet are now apparent; and it is evident that Paraguay has acquired, by the sacrifice of an unmeaning and worthless liberty, that sobriety of purpose, and the stability of institutions, which are so rare in Spanish-America, yet so essential to all prosperity. In nearly half a century the Republic has been governed by only two individuals! This fact is unparalleled in South-America: but it is the key to a comprehension of the present condition of the State.

It was precisely the determined despotism of Francia that preserved Paraguay from the greater evils of anarchy and internecine war which devastated all the remaining Republics after their deliverance from the Spanish yoke. The Dictator forcibly withheld the inexperienced and simple-minded creoles from the full enjoyment of that most perilous and intoxicating of gifts — a sudden freedom. Doubtless his acts were in many instances inexcusable, his cruel disposition manifest, his injustice patent; but he was sincerely devoted to the interests of his coun-

try, and there is no good reason for believing that he did not act in strict accordance with the promptings of his conscience, however narrow and unenlightened it may have been. Be that as it may, he trained an entire generation of Paraguayans to obedience, while outside of their Republic the youth of neighboring nationalities thought life not worth the having, if it must be with subordination; and Lopez has well carried out, since 1840, the inaugurated policy, while he has introduced modifications to suit the advanced condition of the people.

In fact, *magnis componere parva*, Lopez is to his predecessor very much what Alexander the Second of Russia is in relation to the Czar Nicholas whom he succeeds. Both the latter and Francia limited their ideas of government, each in his own sphere — one in an immense empire, peopled by sixty millions of his subjects, in a region of frost and cold; the other in one of the smallest of Republics, with scarcely three hundred thousand inhabitants, including Indians, and in a tropical climate — to *security* based on military preponderance. We may smile at Francia's lone company of grenadiers, and at his irregular band of horsemen whom he took so much delight in drilling, when we contrast them with the half-million gray-coated musketeers whom Nicholas could call into the field for the execution of any, no matter what, behest; yet we cannot but perceive that the motive and the result of these two armies were the same. Francia committed *his* invasion of the Principalities when he dispatched that famous band of troopers into the Argentine province of Corrientes to break up poor Aimé Bonpland's plantation of Paraguay tea; nor was he without his Siberia, to which recalcitrant or seditious subjects were unceremoniously dispatched. But Nicholas and the Dictator pass from the scene, and their policy falls into milder hands. The grumbling world finds that after all the curb has been well applied, and that a skilful master has kept the pupil in shallow water till he has learned to swim. Lopez, like Alexander, yields political importance to the people, while he strives to attract to his dominions the wealth of commerce. He builds steamers, grants charters to railway lines, constructs the largest and completest dock-yards ever established in the heart of a continent, sends young men, at the State's expense, to study at English colleges; amends his tariff; imports French, Basque, Spanish, Italian, and German immigrants; encourages manufactures as well as agriculture; embellishes his capital; and (a somewhat important consideration just at present) increases his army to the strength of some ten thousand effective men, whom he wisely places under the command of European officers. That our gallant forces, who have by this time arrived in the Plata, would experience little difficulty in overcoming any resistance that might be made to their attack by the Paraguayan army, there is no reason to doubt; but it is most sincerely to be hoped that Judge Bowlin will

effect such a pacific settlement as will obviate the use of any more gun-powder than will be necessary for salutes. In fact, it is tolerably certain that Lopez will be found quite ready to repair the evil consequences of his error, and the consideration that, after all, the first wrong was committed by one of our own officials, will undoubtedly weigh with our excellent plenipotentiary in the negotiation he has to carry out.

Before long, then, we may hope to be on terms of perfect amity with our Queer Republic. We shall then see the same glad sight which so delighted the good merchants of Liverpool nearly three years ago—the arrival of a merchant-vessel direct from Asuncion, laden with the produce of the country—tobacco, and tea, and sugar, and hides, and cotton—a promising instalment, prophetic of greater things. When the steamer ‘Rio Blanco’ (*manned by Paraguayans*) entered the port of Liverpool in the early part of 1856, with her inaugural cargo, the prosperity of Paraguay was predicted as immediate and assured. Every succeeding month has verified the anticipation. Six years ago the two ports of Asuncion and Villa del Pilar (Neëmbucú) jointly mustered a commercial marine of nine vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of some three hundred and seventy-five tons, while the Paraguayan navy consisted of one superannuated brig; but at the present time the Paraguayan flag floats over a fine fleet of British-built steamers, beside a host of trading-vessels built at Asuncion from the unequalled ship-timbers which the forests of Paraguay yield in almost inexhaustible profusion; and the nucleus of a steam-navy exists which might compare favorably with the marine forces of any other Republic in South-America. Lopez would back his Tacuari, his Ypora, his mosquito fleet of gun-boats, against any equal force that even his grasping neighbor, Brazil, could muster; and the skilful, robust Paraguayan boatmen have been proved no mere fresh-water sailors. They have been found admirable seamen, and displayed many good qualities, hitherto unsuspected, on the first voyage of the ‘Rio Blanco’ to England.

We must take leave of Paraguay and its nascent prosperity, for we have filled our allotted space. Yet we cannot conclude without expressing our sincere hope that these pages may convey a juster impression concerning the little Republic, its present condition, and its future prospects, than that which generally rests upon the public mind. And lest any sensitive journalist should consider that our banter of Fluellen at the outset had a reference in the slightest degree personal, we will place on record the truth that we had ‘in our mind’s eye’ a class and not an individual. *Caballeros—hasta la revista!*

THE HALLOWELL PASTOR AND HIS THREE SONS.

TO BE READ UNDER CHRISTMAS-TREES.

IN nothing beyond affairs of immediate personal concernment had I for a long time so much interested myself, as in the studies and experiments of my friend, Horton Shell. His glorious aspirations gave me what richness and delight of ideal life I had. I believed in him because I loved him. And the sympathy of a man whom money-lenders praised for punctuality, and speculators for daring, was precious to him; for in his troubled, toilsome life he was not burdened with excess of sympathy.

My friend was called an aeronaut, but the name should not have been applied to him in the manner it was, though in the first year of our acquaintance he had made a score of ascents.

His flights were experimental, with a scientific aim. Usually, the ascent was made on public announcement; for Horton was by no means a rich man when he began to study, and with him, as with most of those who give themselves for the many, his thought was his chief substance; and that would not pass current in the world, until it had been subjected, as silver is tried, to many transmutations, and perhaps not to be recognized in the end as his. The cabin of the diver is not generally decorated with the coral he has risked his life to bring up from the deep. On many another table beside that of the miner, the vessels of gold and silver are displayed. The pearl's placid splendor does not often shine on the bosom or the hand of the fisherman's bride.

When the time seemed fully ripe for his theory, or rather when he could refrain from testing it no longer, I could do no less than prove my faith in the man I loved, by sharing whatever danger he would be exposed to in the adventure, or at least by enduring with him the mortification of such defeat as might possibly await him. I made the ascent with him on my own solicitation, not his. He proved his theory.

But a storm, which travelled incredibly beyond our expectation, overtook us, bore us along with it far beyond our calculation, tore the balloon to ribbons, and tossed us to the winds. From the fact that my descent was upon the coast, it was supposed that my friend must have been drowned in the sea. But time, that reveals—let me not anticipate!

The Doctor of Hallowell, in whose hands I found myself with my returning consciousness, desired to notify my friends of what had happened. Communication I would by no means permit. I would return

to them a whole, sane man, and in no other manner. I would listen to no expressions of pity on account of this disaster: well I knew what would precede the pity. I had heard men and women comment on misfortunes, and there were none so near to me, that the self-glorification of remembered prophecy would not anticipate their sympathy or sorrow. Their mean chivalry of prudence chilled my young heart, and I wished to hear no such lamentation as they would expend upon my noble knight.

My recollection of the conversation that passed between the doctor and myself, and all the attendant circumstances, is so vivid, that the very breath and brightness of those early days seems restored to this moment. I am young again, and have not proved my life. The lowly, real, and blessed facts are once more remote from my anticipation, rose lights and purple tinge my horizon, and the aurora shines once more with mystery and promise. The doctor and I entered into a friendly compact that day, he agreeing to keep my secrets—so important to me, that I suspected those around me must have become possessed of them in the time of my insensibility—I promising henceforth to obey all his instructions, till I should be my master again. The agreement, made with all gravity, was sufficiently absurd. The doctor was entirely ignorant of my belongings, even of my name; and so far from offering opposition to his will in whatever way it chose to manifest itself, I could move neither hand nor foot.

The doctor bore with my impatience and unreasonableness, and really pitied me, I thought; and for his pity, was as grateful as any hot-headed, impatient fool could be, under the circumstances. It was not the pain I suffered, that stirred his sympathy and compassion, I believed. It was the spirit that chafed under, and resented the misfortune, that troubled him, and prevailed with his gentleness.

One day, he brought into my room a flower that had budded and blossomed in the open air. A January sun had wrought the wonder, and the flower's white cup was brimmed with fragrance.

He stood by my bed-side, a very noble presence, an old man in reality, but with so much youth in his heart, that it was difficult to appreciate his years. A grave man, whose hair was not yet white, whose frame seemed still strong and elastic, though he must have been near seventy.

When he gave me the flower, (it was not familiar to me, and I have forgotten its name) he said: 'You have formed no idea of the place you are in, I suppose?'

If I had surveyed again the clean aspect of my room, the snow-white walls, and the neat window-curtains—the order and taste that was signified by the arrangement of the simple furniture, making it so unlike the ordinary lodging-rooms of ordinary inns—I believe I should

not have answered: 'Hell-Gate, for aught I know. I believe I made a descent into the infernal regions. Am I coming out?'

'If you have Eurydice with you,' he replied.

If I had found the place such, he seemed to choose that I should not quit it as an evil spirit.

'Where am I?'

The doctor sat down on the bed-side before he answered. His deliberation chafed me; yet not because of impatient desire to ascertain my locality. The old man intended to make the most of his patient, I concluded. I must be a sort of god-send. Yet his composure commanded my respect. There was something in it mysterious and impressive.

'This is not Hell-Gate: it's Hallowell,' said he. 'I hope you will, by-and-by, like the name better, and think better of us; though perhaps you do not know the place at all.'

'I have heard the name before,' I answered. Alas! of all names that could be mentioned, Hallowell was now to me the saddest. It was the birth-place of Horton Shell. But where had God buried him!

'Very likely,' said the Doctor: 'It is one of the oldest-settled places on the coast.'

'The coast!' said I. 'That is the sea, then, that I hear?'

'What else?' he asked, lifting his eye-brows, and evidently enjoying my surprise.

I did not answer this. As a hart pants for the water-brooks, I had longed for the sea. And now there might prove to be prophecy in that longing! Death seemed near and ready; so near, that day by day I saluted myself with wonder.

'A very old town is Hallowell,' continued the doctor, apparently not doubting that I was desirous to hear all he could tell about this astonishing place. 'The church is without doubt one of the most ancient in the land. It has a crown on the spire curious to see, and the Bible in use there was a present from Queen Anne.'

My failure to comment on this information, did not hinder the good man's gracious purpose. I believe that he perceived a soul to cure, as well as a battered body, and no demonstration on my part should hinder him.

He was called from the room when he had gone thus far; but on his return, he had not lost sight of his purpose. For when he had seated himself by the window, he began to speak in this manner:

'Hallowell has its histories,' said he. 'This seat commands a view of nearly the whole town. No inhabited place was ever so quiet as Hallowell in winter. There is more stir in summer. There are a few old-fashioned people, who like what the town and the ocean can give them; and I have seen this house full to over-flowing. A few miles

down the beach, there are large hotels, which attract fashionable people; but the bathing here is preferable, and one has full as much of the ocean as can be seen or heard with safety by any healthful organization. But of course we like the place better than strangers can.'

'I should not have supposed,' said I, 'that human beings lived within reach, judging from this quiet.'

'Yet you are in the midst of the town. This house was formerly occupied by the pastor of Hallowell, and is surrounded by a large green. The neighbors are, in fact, at a little distance; but, as I said, the house stands in the centre of the town.'

'There is, then, no minister; or you have built him a new house,' said I, certain that this question was desired. They had probably been building a new parsonage at an extra sacrifice, which had made a deep impression on all concerned: this was my private conclusion. But without the motive of such an inference, there was cause sufficient in the inquiry. For my friend's sake, because of my lost Horton, I asked this information of the doctor.

'We have no regular preacher, now,' he answered. 'The pastor has turned inn-keeper. You are his guest at this moment. I have a mind to tell you his story.'

'By all means,' said I; but I could not bring myself to ask that preacher's name. It surely could not be, that I was brought home to the father's house to give tidings of the son's destruction!

'You would despise the town, I am afraid,' said the doctor, 'if you knew how dull it really is. Yet some very surprising events have occurred here. There was a time, within the memory of some of the old inhabitants, when they did not deem themselves so very far out of the world. They had more to do than is now indicated by our seemingly inconsequential annual elections.'

'Among our first settlers, there were some, Sir, as ambitious, as—as it is well for a young man to be. The pastor and I came here about the same time. He has lived a great many years—more than half a century—in this house.'

Then, said I to myself, it is of Horton's father he is speaking; and I listened breathless.

'The church was an old church when he was received as its pastor. I could not describe him better, than by saying that he liked the symbol of the crown upon the spire, better than if it had been a cross. It suited his notions altogether.'

'He was a learned, self-sufficient, head-strong youth, when he first came to Hallowell. The situation satisfied him. He, with others, expected great things of the town; did not anticipate, that as a seaport, it must be abandoned. He loved his profession better than you would suppose possible, from what I have now stated.'

'The church was struggling for life when he came to it, and he threw his strong will into the scale with the slow measures and feeble hopes of the people; and doubts 'kicked the beam.' He absolutely frowned down, and frightened off, discouragements: the church flourished, and the town seemed to rouse from her slumber, at the word of Pastor Shell.'

'Pastor Shell!' said I; but said no farther.

'Every body trusted him,' resumed the doctor, who did not seem to think my repetition of that name significant. 'But I am afraid I must say that every body feared him, too. Sometimes he met with opposition, and to be opposed and contradicted he could not endure. He felt that he was better prepared to lead the church and people than any of his neighbors. And I suppose he really believed that two sides to any question was one side too many.'

'Ah!' said I, remembering many a word of Horton Shell.

The doctor took my brief utterances for expressions of interest, and as that was what he desired to excite, he went on briskly:

'A man is not always fitted for a work, my son, because he chooses to perform it. I think, from the opportunities of judging I have had, that no man was ever worse prepared for his work than pastor Shell. I do no wrong to my old friend in saying so. Any man, he has often told me, is free to his experience. He did, indeed, rely on his own judgment and conclusions, with too little consideration for the dispositions and opinions of others.

'As to his fitness for training and educating children, I really think he would have succeeded better, had he attempted the taming of wild-beasts.

'He had three sons born in this house. At the time he lost his wife, his youngest boy had just learned to walk. In all my practice, I have never seen a woman struggle so hard for life as she did. The fight was unceasing till she came to her grave. I was a young man then, and did not understand the case well. I think now, she saw what was before her husband and children, clear-eyed as a prophet, and that she was appalled by what she saw. Her life was so important, it must not be given up. That was not for us to say.

'She understood her husband better than he knew himself. And if there was ever a peace-maker, she deserved the name. She understood her children; made it her business to acquaint herself with their several characters and dispositions. She would have had constant control of each one of them, if she had lived.

'Never was a woman needed more. For a long time, I did not understand properly the nature of the link, and could not see why, where all had been harmonious before, disorder should have followed her death so quickly, and with such malignant purpose.

‘I could not know how much was meant by the mother, when she said to Shell: ‘Poor children! you must comfort them, dear husband.’ She was pleading in behalf of her boys, generous, mild judgment, patience, hopeful expectation, tenderness. He was long in understanding it — a dreary time.

‘Shell was one of those men who leave out of question the dispositions and gifts of their children, in deciding their vocation. He, not they, was to be consulted on a point of such importance. Harry, the oldest boy, should succeed him in the ministry. That had long been decided; and the lad being of a quiet and apparently yielding disposition, did not argue the matter with his father. He diligently pursued the studies marked out for him, and the approbation of the mother was, I think, as precious to the boy as any praise of the world could have been in after-life.

‘He was a hard student till his fifteenth year, the year following his mother’s death. Then, if there had been any watchful eye, so tenderly loving as to discern what was passing in the lad’s mind, a deal of misfortune and pain had been avoided.

‘He became grave, thoughtful, almost moody; was restless, was silent, preoccupied; and finally, when no human creature suspected the possibility, he secretly fled from home. This handsome fellow! pattern-boy, we called him. So he served us. . . . It was the protest of nature. She resented the impending ruin of a man. The act was not so cowardly as you suppose.’

‘Cowardly,’ said I. ‘I do n’t see what better proof of courage the boy could have given. Any lad ought to fear a tyrant.’

The doctor smiled.

‘We did not take that view of it here in Hallowell. You know what the Scripture says about the powers that be. We supposed that we had over-rated the boy. And probably we also concluded that the Church had lost nothing. What sort of servant could he be, who had not learned obedience? we asked each other.’

‘I do not understand the virtue of obedience to a monster,’ said I. ‘You have described a monster, if I can understand.’

‘Not exactly. Not a monster. But surely far wrong. Very far wrong, my poor friend was. The testimony Harry left was brief, but all-sufficient. He appealed to his years of obedience, in proof of his love for his father, and did not attempt to justify his course by reflecting on that father’s government. He had been over-estimated, he said. He had not ability to perform what was expected of him; and for the ministry, knew well that he had no vocation. He was well-assured of this, but despaired of convincing others. Therefore, he deemed it best to prove himself in some other calling for which nature had adapted him. The lad’s sincerity could not be doubted. I think

no one feared that ruin waited him in the world. Integrity, industry, sobriety might still be anticipated, and the path he opened for himself might prove a high-road to distinction. But though the brig sailed out well rigged, and every one felt satisfied of that, Pastor Shell was terribly discomfited. Even if he had no forebodings, he was disappointed as no man can be twice in this world.

‘Many inquiries and efforts he made for the discovery and recall of his son, without success. But he would not give up his determination that the lost should be found. He was, however, obliged to yield that hope — to surrender the fair proof of his great skill in government; to submit to the humiliation, and he kept his grief to himself — the name of Harry ceased to have a sound in his hearing.

‘But I fear he did not regard this loss as a rebuke or warning. He was not aided by its disclosures in the direction of his younger sons. He had a different spirit to deal with in Peter, his second boy. I believe he no more understood him and the necessities of his nature, than a Greenlander would understand the glory of a tropic flower, and the condition of its glory. The boy’s nature was a jungle where the king-beasts had their lair, and where the royal tamer lived in their midst. That boy could inspire more love, and more fear, than any person I ever met. He was as wilful and overbearing as his father; but his heart was fired to a white heat, and with his capabilities and passions in full view, the conviction seemed inevitable that he would justify the largest hopes.

‘But the father was so unfortunate as to mistake again — this time the consuming of dross, for a spirit ‘set on fire of hell,’ and he ended in a quarrel with his son — a brief but cruel outbreak forever to be deplored. In this house there was no more room for Peter. He felt it; his father said it. And though both, when they had expressed their utmost hostility, desired, above all things, a reconciliation, neither of them by a word endeavored to bring it to pass.

‘Horton —’ The doctor paused when he mentioned that name. I turned my face from the light, fearful that he might see the sorrow I could not conceal; not yet could I bring myself into the circle of these people, and by my heart’s anxiety, acknowledge myself to be of them.

‘Horton Shell,’ he began again, ‘disappeared — in his thirteenth year. He went up to Sharon on a holiday, and made an ascent in a balloon with an aeronaut. It was accidental on his part, we always supposed, this flight, and he has never since been heard of. Most persons believe that he was killed; but his father has not yet ceased hoping. He flatters himself that the lad did not lose his life. But that his descent was made in a place far away, and his home might not have had sufficient attractions to draw him back again. When you were

found, and he heard of it, he would have you brought here, and I suppose he was thinking of his son when he insisted that the house should be at your service; or, it may be, he remembered that his sons had been thrown friendless, unknown, on the world, and the good will he would fain believe they had found, he would extend to you.'

'Unfortunate man!' I could but groan; 'left alone in the house with these things to think of, was it not dreary?'

'Some soft hearts of his congregation attempted friendly consolations in their way. It was thought that a journey would benefit the pastor; many years had passed since he came to Hallowell, and he had never gone forth to the world again. Others suggested a change of residence; and two of the more wealthy of his parishioners opened their homes to him. Would he have his study in their house, they asked? — they would deem themselves blessed by his presence at their table, his dwelling under their roof.

'No, he would hear nothing of these plans. The old parsonage for him — the solitude, the loneliness; he was proud in his affliction. He heard some tender-hearted one who had endured tribulations, say, 'Whom the LORD loveth HE chasteneth;' but it was not his heart's acceptance of that word that enabled him to show his people a frame unbowed, and an unwrinkled visage. He took his stand against *misfortune* — made no parade of wounds. It was beyond him to understand how grateful to the tired feet of Love was the washing, and the ointment; and that the heart of Humanity missed the kiss that was withheld.'

I seemed to hear, as in a dream, the calm flow of the old man's speech. He went from point to point of his story, hardly once appealing to me or my opinions, even by a look. Where was the interest of these incidents, independent of the listener? A tale so slight any imagination might have fashioned, yet in his statements there seemed to be a depth of meaning so profound as nothing but the keenest moral sense and the purest sympathy could appreciate, unless the listener might be regarded as a party deeply concerned in the conduct of the narrative. Was this old man testing me? Did he suspect a resemblance between his patient and his friend Pastor Shell? or because I was an aeronaut, or suspected as such, possibly; there was no continuity, and little coherence, in my speculations.

'If any thing could have made the poor man suspect himself,' said the doctor, 'it would seem as if this ill-success in the training of his family must. But his losses made him rebellious and defiant. . . . Sacred promises had failed in his behalf. He had obeyed various scriptures in the management of his sons, and his practice, he could not believe, was sufficient to ruin whatever fine casting was intended to be made of such glowing material. He had dedicated his sons to God's

service, he said. So! — but either of them would have looked incredulous, I fear, on the man that dared assert the service was ‘perfect freedom.’ They would have been justified in their inference from experience, that it was really perfect bondage.

‘A good many years went on before Shell yielded his position, or one inch of it; but — but — young man, give heed — he did surrender at last; he did see that he had been blind; did hear, and knew he had been deaf. It must have been by a miracle, I think, so entire was the change. He began to take up themes for his discourse that warmed his hearers’ hearts. The people were astonished. He used to suppose his least efforts sufficient; now he seemed to feel his utmost was too small. Must his heart not have been glowing, at least with the shadow of heat, if not with the real fire? And yet his warmth did not seem like reflection. If he took up an old sermon and tried to repeat it, there was an all-sufficient test! The best memories of the congregation could not recognize it; and, because it was not the same. Even if every word was uttered in the old order, it was not the same. I heard people saying the pastor had taken a new lease of life — that the vigor of his youth was restored; but it seemed to me that his best days knew no such vigor: his youth had been animated by no such hopes as he knew now. The man was born again. This youth seemed celestial.

‘You can imagine for yourself how it must have been that he would preach after a night of prayer, when, from the distress of self-suspicion he passed on to perception, ascertaining the forgiveness he needed, and the atonement to be made. He could then preach forgiveness to others with some feeling, courage, result.

‘He never dropped that theme when he had once taken it up, and mastered it; it seemed fairly to possess him. I think in some struggle of prayer his pride must have left him, to return no more. The devil cast out, there were only wounds to be healed.

‘He could not remember that he had three sons in the world, cast by his fault on the world, working possibly — how could he tell? — evil, gone from him ere he had half-fulfilled his trust, even while he was to their hurt fulfilling it; he could not recall this fact, without praying for pardon; he could not ask forgiveness but on terms divinely ordained, *As I forgive, forgive*; and go out among his people judging harshly, without love, without pity, self-satisfied, pompous with book-learning, ignorant of that blessed love in which many a child of his congregation was competent to teach him.

‘What followed will surprise you. When he had fairly won his people’s *hearts*, proved that the power of preaching is hid in the depths of sympathy, and that a man’s attainment in holiness keeps pace with

his growth in love; when he had really given up his hard drill and escaped from his false positions, he was tried and proved still further.

‘His voice failed him. He broke down completely when he had power to speak to the purpose. All physicians he was able to consult agreed that there was no hope to be entertained of the restoration of the organ, unless he removed inland from Hallowell. He would not be persuaded; away from Hallowell he would not live; he owed himself to the people, he said. Here his lot was cast, and here he would remain. He believed that, having preached so ill for years, he might now *live* to a better purpose—in silence that should be full of deeds.

‘So the old man keeps this house, and entertains strangers, in the hope that they may yet be angels. The people are his people, and better served by his sympathies and counsel, than they were in days when he was proud of the service he could render.’

Having spoken thus far, the doctor came to a full stop, and looked from the window.

Breaking the silence at length, I said: ‘I suppose you would have something further to tell me of his sons.’

With eyes marvellous for expression, the old man turned and gazed at me. An electric thrill passed through me; breathless I waited his next words.

‘You believe in the restoration, then?’ he said gently.

‘The stories we read in books end rightly,’ I answered. ‘What should be, rather than what is, seems to possess the minds of story-tellers, and they make conclusions accordingly, no matter how far the result differs from the premises. You rarely see a mourner, Sir, who does not hope for his dead.’

‘Pastor Shell will always acknowledge that he has been blessed far, far beyond deserving. When the Lord humiliated him He was just, not as a man is just. It was the sovereignty of love He made manifest. Yes, you are right; the story ends according to your hope.’

As when one listens in a dream to some benediction which, even when he wakes, shall still abide with him, I waited—he spoke on.

‘Any summer, if you will come down here, and God spares his life, you will see Harry Shell. You will find him, most likely, somewhere on the green, a troop of young people with him, fifty may be at a time, under his charge—deaf and dumb children, whom he educates. I tell you, Sir, there is great glory in such a manhood as his has proved.

. . . . I meant to speak about Peter more particularly. But I see that you are tired. He came back one day, disguised as a peddler, with a pack of patent rights on his back, the originator of some of the most useful inventions of his time; he had been that busy with his brain and hands. Both men CHRIST’s ministers, though not preachers

after the fashion proposed by my old friend's stubborn will. They had taken their own time about their work, but with more haste their father had made worse speed. . . . But these young men live within a hundred miles of Hallowell, and they love their father, Sir. I could not end the story more marvellously than by saying that.'

He had then no report to make of Horton Shell! Waat to me was all else he could say? I was dumb with despair, for I had waited that he, not I, might add the last paragraph to this family history.

While I lay silent thus, there came the sound of a sudden mighty wind, and a darkening of the room, and the voices of men and of children then broke on the silence of Hallowell, and a splendor of gay colors seemed to flash across my sight. The doctor rose up before the window.

'Oh! what is it?' I cried, as one might have spoken by the quickening body of Lazarus.

'A balloon, my son,' said he, still gazing from the window.

Some strange prophetic power seemed to possess itself of me in that instant.

'Father Shell,' said I with the feeling that the last day and the last hour had come, 'go down and see if my brother has arrived. Horton is his name. Thus it was he ever meant to come to you. Times with-number I have heard him say it should be so.'

The doctor turned in his place and looked at me, thus speaking: 'Some one has come,' he said, but he did not move from the window, even to ascertain his patient's sanity. I began to grow impatient of his unbelief. 'If he is your son, if that is Horton come to us,' said I; 'no crown laid on your head could make you a richer man than just to be called his father.'

'Is it so?' said he, now bending over me; 'is it so that you can tell me of the child?'

And Horton's mother could not have spoken with a more loving gentleness.

'Not if he can tell the story for himself. In that case, Sir, I should deem myself unworthy.'

'But if—if—I dare not—dare not hope.'

Horton himself told the story of his rescue to us, sitting in that room of the old parsonage where he was born, with the sound of the sea for the deep and full accompaniment to his heart's rich experience. On the right hand of the old man sat Harry; at the left Peter, and by my side the latest of the wanderers; holding my hand, he spoke, the dearest of all voices I hear in this world.

MR. JOLLYGREEN'S LECTURES.

MY friend Jollygreen was an ambitious young man, who, like many others in the great city of New-York, imagined that his talents and his calling were widely unsuited. Jolly was gifted with a taste for poetry, wrote occasional verses, skimmed over all the magazines, subscribed to a literary gazette, and felt little doubt that he should eventually win renown as a writer.

Slim authorling as I am, living on small crumbs of comfort, it was always a relief to me when rebuffed by publishers and snubbed by editors, to wend my way from literary works to Front-street, and hunt up Jollygreen. My friend was clerk in the firm of Jowl and Jollygreen, lard and bacon merchants, doing a very extensive business, one which kept our poetic youth busy from morning till night between canvassed hams and lard, so that in day-light hours at least, he had little time for dalliance with the muses.

There is probably no locality so fatal to one of enthusiastic literary nature as a bacon and lard warehouse. Its smell is not of that 'bank where the wild thyme blows;' its huge hogsheads point at the dreamer like the heavy guns of Cherbourg; its bagged hams seem like pyramids of chain-shot; its tinned cheeses like canister; its slippery floor the design of a matter-of-fact tradesman to bring down wild imaginings, its little lard-kegs infernal-machines to blow them up.

But ever, as soon as I entered and caught sight of the junior Jollygreen's face, I felt once more in Arcadia. Dashing aside the ledger, he would seize my hand, hurry me out of the counting-room, run with me up-stairs, seat me beside him on a tierce of pickled hams, and inquire what I was doing. Then he would beg me not to be discouraged; say, for the thousandth time, how he hated trade, adored poetry, and would quit the dingy warehouse as soon as he could, for green fields and purling brooks. Descanting on the good times in store for both of us, when we could walk Broadway acknowledged autocrats of the kingdom of letters, he would thus put me, as well as himself, in capital spirits, until Uncle Caleb Jollygreen's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs, bawling to my friend: 'Gus, show Mr. Rancid that lot of sour pork.'

Uncle Caleb was not a fashionable man; he hated formality, he prided himself on plainness and being comfortable. In dog-days, when all the world went to Saratoga and Newport, or shut up their front houses and pretended to be there, Uncle Caleb might daily be seen in Broadway, without a collar or cravat, (stock I should say, for he never

left off stocks,) and wearing loose green velveteen shoes and a blue gingham coat.

Twice a year, also, did Uncle Caleb seek out a by-street, whither had retired a superannuated stock-maker, who had once done a flourishing business near the Astor-House. But the days of stocks went by, and neck-ties choked his prosperity. Refusing obstinately to believe in innovations, the sturdy man, with courage worthy of the believer in the resuscitation of the Bank of the United States, and the great Whig party, only moved as the pressure of his circumstances forced him. His rents grew less and less, it is true, but his shop became smaller and smaller as he changed his location; his assortment of stocks dwindled with his customers, until at last the door was no longer hurriedly thrown open every few moments by smart young men panting for the 'latest fashion,' but slowly swung about once a week, jarring the bell over-head into a timid tinkle. Still twice a year did Uncle Caleb visit Mr. Slowgo, and comfort him by a purchase, when both would invariably agree that if people would only give up going to Newport, and, as in old times, take an airing on the Battery, things would improve; concluding also, when the new article was donned and surveyed in the glass, now dwarfed to the size of a school-boy's slate, 'that, after all, there was nothing so genteel or comfortable as a plain, black satin stock.'

Whenever I entered Jowl and Jollygreen's counting-room, Uncle Caleb would look up and nod kindly. He appeared to commiserate my unfortunate views of life and profession. That one should devote himself to letters, he could hardly understand; if one could only work into a snug berth in publishing a good, active price-current, so far the pen might do very well, but it always puzzled Uncle Caleb to know, as he said, 'how you and 'Gustus can bother yourselves so much about poetry when it won't pay, and can want to be sitting down doing nothing when you might be making a ten-dollar bill.

'What idea do you think, 'Gustus has got in his head now?' added Uncle Jollygreen in despair; 'why, he wants to go off a-lecturing down to Maine, as if the people there an't smart enough already. Such sharp ones in the provision line I never saw, and if they get any more knowing after 'Gustus has physicked them with his intellect, I shall have to sell out. Come and take tea with me this evening, when we will talk this matter over. If you could dissuade 'Gustus, I'll help you in turn, and give you a wrinkle now. Things are going upon the other side, and if you'd join him, you might net something clever by a little adventure in tallow.'

Caleb Jollygreen lived in Greenwich-street; he would live there in spite of all opposition, long after the tide of fashion, of respectability almost, had deserted it. Union Square and Fifth Avenue were scorned

of Uncle Caleb; Greenwich-street he declared nearer the water, cooler in consequence, while as to convenience in marketing, the difference was amazing. On this evening, in the latter part of September, the windows were open, and I could scarce imagine a more unpoetic or hateful locality, as I was greeted by various odors from adjoining stables, meat-shops, vegetable-markets, and at intervals, that peculiar scorched fragrance which comes up from cellars where the thump of the sad iron sounds drearily all day long. Steams of another order also smote upon my sense of smell, these came from Uncle Caleb's kitchen—a scent of sage and onions, which I knew accompanied a goose; for though the weather was still warm, Uncle Caleb, in honor of my coming, at the earliest practicable season, had ordered that dish which he deemed the greatest treat he could offer either to himself or any body else. Talk to him, indeed, of woodcock, snipe, reed-birds, partridges, or ortolans. 'Nothing,' he said, 'did his heart so much good after he had been working in the bacon all day, as a nice slice of tender, hot goose with his tea.'

His nephew, my poetical friend Gustavus Vasa, turned up his nose at the goose in sublime scorn, he whose fancy flights aspired to the empyrean height swept by the bird of Jove; and as soon as tea was over and Uncle Caleb fairly immersed in an evening commercial journal, he launched forth in an impassioned strain on the hard fate of genius in this cold, unsympathizing world. He knew, he felt, that he was born to create a name, but he was alone; an isolated spirit, whose pangs were not the less keen because unseen: how he yearned for sympathy, had sought and found it not. But there was a good time coming; sordid trade would at last pause in its career to listen to the woes of men whose lips were touched with fire, when, the broad, free earth redeemed, and the circumambient air and the sounding sea should be vocal with the music of their yet unuttered melody.

'Stuff!' said Uncle Caleb, looking up from his paper; 'if that's poetry, I say genius and nonsense means one and the same thing, and any other man in the provision line would bear me out. You can't tell me any thing about poetry; did n't I once go to school and write a set of verses to my sweet-heart Betsy Primrose; was n't she so pleased with 'em that she copied 'em off, and handed 'em in next Saturday for her own composition; and did n't the school-master say: 'Betsy, you've made some mistake here. I told you always to put a capital at the beginning of every sentence, but you put one at the head of every line. Do n't do it again.' And that was all the comment I ever got for my blank verses. Suppose I had gone on in that way, do you think I could have made five hundred dollars as I did to-day by a neat little speculation in leaf-lard, and been able to afford a nice hot goose for tea?'

'O Eugene Mortimer!' (my name) exclaimed Gustavus, 'just hear that; how is it possible for me not to suffer agony when even the miserable consolation of sympathy with one feeling heart is thus rudely dashed from me, by one who never yearns for the sweet music of the spheres, and for whom universal Pan piped in vain.'

'Pan! Universalist! never heard of him,' rejoined Uncle Caleb; 'he must have been pretty much a flash in the pan though, if his poetry was like yours and mine, 'Gustus. But I do n't mean to be hard on you, nevy, I only want to wean you from this dry nurse of yours, literater, and not let you act the part of a sucking-calf any longer. Can't you show Eugene that note you got from the publishers about your new poem, 'Violets from—' from where?'

'Violets from Vallambrosa,' I knew was the title of my friend's promised volume. I had shared the secret of its name, but was not permitted to inspect the precious collection; it was to burst upon the world with the sudden brilliancy of a comet, and astound me, with the public generally. Ruefully did my friend hand me the note. I at once recognized the decided hand-writing of the head of the eminent firm; and while Gustavus Vasa exclaimed, 'Heartless, heartless men, what reck they of the sufferings of unappreciated genius?' I read as follows:

'DEAR SIR: In answer to yours of this date, with its generous offer of paying in advance for the publication of your volume, we have to say that we can give you no encouragement as to our undertaking any work of poems. If you wish to know the cost of manufacture, we recommend you to apply to Mr. John A. Gray, Printer, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street. Very respectfully yours,

'D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.'

'The cost of manufacture!' said poor Jollygreen; 'are we thus ever fettered by reference to the dictates of tyrant estimates, and must even the flowing drapery of the muse suffer from the degradation of trade!'

'That man's right,' said Uncle Caleb; 'and if he is ever put up for Mayor I'll vote for him. But come now, 'Gustus, I intend to let you steer out as you want to. I should think, between me and Mr. Appleton, you had had about lecturing enough at home; but if you want to try lecturing on your own hook down in Maine, I say go. Only mind my words though, you'll be glad to get back to the bacon, and when you do, I'm ready to help you. What I say to you applies equally to Eugene here; and I bet you a keg of Goshen butter apiece, that before Christmas comes round, you'll be glad to let lecturing alone; and then you'll find that a snug little opening in the prime mess-pork line will suit you a great deal better than literater.'

The unterrified Jollygreen, as I found some time after this evening

was not convinced. He departed on his lecturing tour down East, and it was a good while before I heard from him. At length, on a raw, windy day in January, when shutters creaked and banged in the gale, when spits of snow were in the air, and chilly-looking men hurried by, vainly trying to bury themselves in their coat-collars; as I sat beside my warm fire, happy that my last article was accepted for the *KNICKERBOCKER*, and in act of meditating another, Jollygreen and his experience rose before me, for a letter came in from the post-office in Gustavus Vasa's hand.

On perusing his long communication, I found, as I had imagined, that some few difficulties had been met, if not conquered; that lecturing in the winter, considered only as an excursion, did not compare with pleasure-travelling in the summer, and that if undertaken, as it too often is, from 'vanity,' it is sure to result in 'vexation of spirit.' Jollygreen wrote in this wise:

'You are aware, my dear Mortimer, of the ardor of my hopes, as I set out upon my Eastern journey. You will not, perhaps, my sympathetic friend, be prepared to learn how those hopes have been blighted:

'Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish,
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.'

But I will be calm, even if life is naught but a spectral illusion, and the high-strung chords of a poetic heart are fated but to bring keener misery to their possessor. Perchance it will be best to pursue this melancholy theme on another key, and merely relate in a terse, sententious style the record of my disappointment.

'You are fully aware, as I told you before leaving New-York, that I had several engagements in little towns in Maine, the largest of which was Squawktown; a name supposed to be a corruption of Squawtown, and of Indian origin, from the fact of its having been first settled by a scattering of the Penobscot tribe. In Colton's latest maps, it appears to be left out; but you will understand where it is, when told, as I was, that it is not more than forty miles from Portland, in any direction. The course I had prepared, was on 'The Beautiful,' consisting of four lectures; these I was to deliver when thrown upon my own resources by the completion of my engagements. One other on 'Young America,' whose chief merit was the entire novelty of the subject, was intended for the four villages, three of them adjacent to Squawktown.

I was much surprised, I may say, deeply chagrined, on arriving at Boston, at not being met by a deputation from the Mercantile Library Association, anxious to detain me for the delivery of my course, or at least engage me on my return. I was assured by a Boston snob, who dined with me in New-York, and who promised to introduce me to all

the leading literary men of modern Athens, that there would be no difficulty in the way of securing an engagement. In consequence, I had written very confidently to the President of the Association, and fearing that my five letters had miscarried, as none were answered, telegraphed him from the Massasoit House, Springfield, to meet me at the cars. This request he strangely neglected; nor was the Boston snob visible. Indeed, he has since passed me in Beacon-street, without speaking, from which I conclude, that he does not know any of the literary men, and was afraid that I would find him out, if I asked him to introduce me.

'While waiting at the Eastern Rail-road station, hoping yet every moment that the President or one of the lecture committee would accost me, the baggage-master came up in a violent hurry, asking if my name was Jollygreen. When I promptly answered, 'Yes,' hoping that some famous Athenian was anxious to see me, even in a brief interview, he gruffly replied: 'Well, your name fits you: your trunk's checked for Portland, while you've let your carpet-bag go off on a coach somewhere. It'll come back, though, and be sent to you by the next train.'

'It was even so: in my anxiety of mind, I had set it down, and an alert coachman, taking it for granted that the parcel was for the United States Hotel, had borne it thither, some two miles off. But for that sharp baggage-master, it would have gone forever: the name of Jollygreen, printed in full upon its bottom, had caught his eye, and saved it.

'But O Eugene Mortimer! my agony of mind, as the locomotive, whistling like a callous fiend, whirled me on the road to Portland. For my collars and cravats I little cared; but my lectures, there they were! What if some unprincipled wretch, ambitious of literary distinction, should appropriate that carpet-bag, examine my productions, and, struck with their beauties, proceed forthwith to deliver them as his own; enchant listening thousands, and reap a golden harvest! Horrific thought! I passed a night and day of sleepless misery; but at last the bag came to hand, with not a page of its precious contents abstracted.

'When, however, I reached Squawktown, and was there actually called upon by the lecture committee of its Y.M.A.; when I felt that a lyceum was for me no longer a dream, but a visible, tangible reality, my breast heaved, my heart thrilled with emotion at the boundless prospect rising before me; the capability of doing infinite good to my fellow-men on the one hand, the ceaseless succession of lecture invitations which would pour in upon me, on the other. For, thanks to the blessing of a common language pervading our whole glorious Union, the Squawktown *Trumpet* would shortly find its way beyond the confines of Maine, be seen on the banks of the Mississippi and the plains of

Kansas, perhaps even its blast might be heard on the distant shores of the Pacific; and the enterprising young men of San-Francisco, with their noble disdain of money, would write to me to come out and deliver my course, generously paying expenses both ways in the ocean steamers.

'And now I was the lion, I might indeed say the entire menagerie of the hour; with unimaginable kindness, the lecture committee anticipated all my wants; a fire was ordered in my room; I was shown the town-pump; I was introduced to the town-clerk; an old gentleman on the other side of the street was pointed out to me as Judge Fossil, a staunch supporter of the Constitution, a man who frowned on all isms, and who would be sure to hear me to-night, as he went to all the lectures. I was myself pointed out, as I well knew; for every little while, one of my aids would call out to some one across the way, 'Is that you, Smith?' and be answered, 'Hallo! Jones, all right, I suppose?' when a smile and jerk of the head and fingers, said as plainly as words: 'Yes: all right: here he is: we've got him.'

'Never before had I felt the proud honor of being a public man. Damp from the press was handed to me a copy of the *Squawktown Trumpet*. I opened it, and read in the editorial column a notice of myself printed in double pica:

'Our army of subscribers will account for the unwonted delay in the issue of the *Trumpet*, when informed that we put off going to press for half-an-hour, in order to announce the arrival of a distinguished gentleman in our midst, Mr. Jollygreen, the lecturer. At this late hour, we can of course make but a brief remark. As is the case with many other eminent men, there is nothing in Mr. Jollygreen's appearance which, to a casual spectator, would at first denote him to be a man of mark; but the close student of that unsolved problem, the human countenance, cannot fail to discover in Mr. Jollygreen's eye, the hidden yet concentrated fire, ever indicative of the restless aspirations of one who burns the midnight oil. We predict for the lecturer entire success, and a rich treat to the literati of Squawktown.'

'I knew the power, the influence of the *Trumpet*; I had seen it once before, during the famous campaign of 1856, when, before the election, it predicted throughout the State of Maine the triumph of the American party, and called upon the spirit of Daniel Webster to 'stand once more upon his native hills, with one foot on Mount Washington and the other on Mount Adams, and looking over toward the Penobscot, frown from the confines of Maine the miserable flummery of Fremontism into the dust-pan of oblivion.' Although in that instance, the spirit of Daniel Webster was behind time, the *Trumpet* still lived, and how fortunate I considered myself in having its active alliance.

'After I had taken tea with one of the committee, (it is part of the

lecturer's duty to go through with tea) I commenced my discourse on 'Young America,' in one of the three villages adjacent to Squawktown. The thumping of umbrellas and canes cheered me as I entered: alas! it was all the applause I ever received. My lecture concluded, dead silence ensued, and I found by sad experience, that the enthusiasm of a New-England audience is about as hard to excite, as to make a yoke of oxen dance a hornpipe. No matter whom I asked next day, and every other day, if I gave the audience satisfaction, the only answer I could elicit was: 'Well, I suppose so; have n't heard any complaints: I take it for granted.'

'What rather surprised me, also, was the familiar appearance of the audience each of the four successive evenings on which I held forth on 'Young America.' Certainly, I recognized several antiquated bonnets worn by old ladies, whose eyes glared unutterable things through steel spectacles, and those fixed, firm, critical faces of punctual men, who always pepper-and-salt a promiscuous audience. Vainly did I try to account for this, until my labors were done, my services rewarded, my bill paid, and carpet-bag in hand, I prepared for departure, anticipating a triumph in Portland; but so far as Squawktown was concerned, about to bid 'farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.'

'The mystery was then explained. As the train was about leaving for Portland, a copy of the *Trumpet* was thrown into the cars, and at me, by some unseen hand. It was again damp from the press; but on this occasion, issued half-an-hour ahead of time, no doubt, in order that I should see it. The print was, if possible, larger than on the day of my arrival, and as I read I trembled.

'Well, the first lecture of our winter course is over, and so far the farce is played out. We confess that our feelings have been deeply stirred; but it is the solemn duty of editors, while giving the utmost latitude to the expression of public opinion, to withhold their own. We need not remind our readers that Squawktown and the three villages adjacent, had engaged a corps of lecturers supposed to be intelligent, and known to be modest, to visit in turn the four towns on four successive evenings, and of course deliver four different lectures; as it is always the habit of lecture-goers in the said four towns to attend each and every performance, so that, in fact, the same audience greets the lecturer each night, although his theme varies. But Mr. Jollygreen comes here, and has the audacity to repeat nightly to the same people his miserable trash about 'Young America,' which has for the last three years rolled in upon us on the tide of Fremontism.

'If we were to say that Mr. Jollygreen has mistaken his vocation, that he is of overweening vanity, a tyro in literature, (we never saw a line of his in print,) in short, a humbug, we should do no injustice to the indignant feelings of the community. We do not apply these terms to him;

but we pity his ignorance, and advise him to go home, and stay there. Bright days are yet in store for Squawktown; if all other lecturers fail as ignominiously as this Mr. Jollygreen, there is yet one man among us to whom we can turn with pride, it is Judge Fossil, inflexible patriot, who knows no South, no North, no East, and no West, and who, bored as he was by Jollygreen's juvenilities, attended all four evenings, to set an example of eminent consistency. But other lecturers will not fail; we shall listen to the glowing Beecher, the sparkling Whipple, the humorous Saxe, the mellifluent Curtis, and the genial Ik Marvel. We should not again advert to Mr. Jollygreen, but to say that, singularly apposite as his name is, his vanity is of direct inheritance from his parents, who, in choosing for him a baptismal title, borrowed that of the greatest of Sweden's heroes.' '

Here my friend's letter abruptly concluded, only promising in a postscript to give me his farther experience in Portland. I have reason to fear that the promise will never be redeemed; for not long ago, as I disconsolately walked Broadway, bearing a lean manuscript, and in search of a publisher, I suddenly brushed against Jollygreen, carrying a fat bank-book. In brief, he told me that he had abandoned the muses in disgust, had himself lately made a neat little speculation in leaf-lard, and was satisfied that his uncle was right, when he said that a snug opening in the prime mess-pork line would suit him a great deal better than literature.

T h e G h o s t s .

PALE shapes advancing from the mid-night air,
 Beckoning with misty fingers round my bed,
 Bending your faded faces o'er my head,
 I have no fear of ye! I seem to share
 Your dim vitality—mine's well-nigh fled.
 I feel the human outlines melt away;
 These thin, gray hands that lie on the damp sheet
 Are almost vapory enough to meet
 Yours in the grasp of fellowship. My hair
 Seems turning into cloud. The quickened clay
 That walls me in is cracking, and I strive
 Towards ye through the breach. Am I alive?
 Or are ye dead? All's vague—a wide, gray sea.
 Hark! the cock crows! Now, spirits, welcome me!

T H E J E W S .

SOME philosopher has remarked that the world could not exist without Jews. However that may be, no part of the civilized or partially civilized world, is without them. They number in all less than six million souls, yet are so widely scattered that you can visit no seaport, or place where men 'do congregate' for traffic in money, in slaves, or in merchandise of any kind, without finding there representatives of this race, whose refuge is the wide earth, whose home is the narrow grave. The Jews are most numerous in Poland, whither they escaped from the states of Germany to avoid persecution. More than three hundred thousand, mostly of Spanish descent, are settled in European Turkey, their ancestors having taken refuge there after the expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella. Perhaps an equal number may be found in the African and Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire; and so widely dispersed are they through the lands of Islam, that in the remotest cities reached by caravans you will find some turbaned, long-haired Jew ready to convert your gold into the currency of the country, with a saving discount to himself.

Jews are to be met with in China, and on the coast of Malabar. They swarm in Bokhara, and may be seen in Madagascar and on the western coast of Africa. In Cochin China, there are two Jewish races, black and white. In Yemen they scarcely differ in appearance from the roving Bedouins. In Circassia they are wild mountaineers, having neither the Bible nor the Talmud. In different parts of Europe they enjoy different degrees of liberty; and in the United States alone, where, indeed, the emancipation of the race began, are they entirely exempt from partial legislative restrictions.

But, sojourning every where, they are every where strangers. We have noticed that among the blonde nations of the North, the Jews have dark hair and eyes, while among the dusky nations of the South it is quite the reverse: so true is it that they every where form a distinct people. Differing thus physically and socially, and adopting for the most part the language and costume of those among whom they dwell, they cherish a remarkable uniformity in religious belief, and think with one mind upon the destiny of the Hebrew race.

Judaism is the mother of two religions which have almost overspread the earth — Christianity and Mohammedanism — two daughters who have inflicted upon her innumerable evils, notwithstanding our SAVIOUR and the Apostles were all Jews; notwithstanding Abraham, Moses, and Jesus are numbered among the six great prophets of Islam. The progenitors of the Messiah, made illustrious by their supernatural origin and celestial guidance, the repositories of divine

oracles and the chosen interpreters of the will of God, their annals reaching to the first ages of the world; and their very existence a miracle, behold how the Children of Israel, constant in their ancient faith, have survived the overthrow of their temple and their altars, and, dispersed among the nations, have become the slaves of the human race, the sport of fortune, and the contempt of the whole earth!

A wild and terrible legend is that of the middle ages, which personified the Jewish nation by the traits of the Wandering Jew. It represents an old man, with naked feet, uncovered head, and long white beard, wandering ceaselessly over the earth. His face is pale, a mark of blood is upon his forehead, his eyes burn like sapphires beneath their oblique lids. With an eagle-like nose, and blood-like lips, squalid and harsh in features, and clad in a coarse woollen gown, he ever pursues with staff in hand his interminable journey. Speaking all languages, and traversing all lands, knowing not the purposes of God concerning himself, and ever driven onward by a secret impulse, he is transported from place to place with the speed of the wind; and as the long centuries come successively to a close, his old age renews itself with the vigor of youth, in order that he may complete the weary round of ages. The people wonder as he hastens past.

Once or twice only has he paused to tell his story. He was of the Jewish nation, Ahasuerus by name, and a shoe-maker by trade. Dwelling in Jerusalem, he persecuted our SAVIOUR, and was of those who cried, 'Crucify him.' The sentence of death having been pronounced, he ran to his house, before which JESUS was to pass on the way to Calvary. Taking his child in his arms, he stood at the door with all his family to behold the procession. Our SAVIOUR, weighed down by the heavy burden of the Cross, leaned for a moment against the wall; and the Jew, to show his zeal, struck the innocent ONE with cruel blows, and pointing to the place of execution, bade him go on. Then JESUS, turning to the unfeeling child of Israel, said:

'Thou refusest rest to the Son of God:
I go, for it must needs be;
But for thee there shall be no rest
Or repose until I return.
Go forth on thy long journey.
Leave thine own: traverse mountains and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
No where — not even in the tomb.
As an example to the Universe, and bearing
Every where the heavy weight of my curse,
Much shalt thou long for death, thy deliverance,
But shalt not die until the day of judgment.'

He assists at the crucifixion, and then goes forth a mysterious stranger, whose feet shall become familiar with all lands.

How age after age he longs for the sweets of death and the repose of the tomb! But in spite of death, he must live on; his dust shall not mingle with that of his ancestors. He drags himself from a gloomy cavern of Mount Carmel, shaking the dust from his beard, grown even to his knees. Nine grinning skulls are before him. He seizes and hurls them from the top of the mountain, and they go bounding down from rock to rock. They are the skulls of his parents, of his wife and six small children, all of whom have been able to die; but he cannot. He rushes into the flames of falling Jerusalem, and attempts to bury himself beneath the crumbling ruins of Rome; but in vain. Flying from cities and men, the wanderer seeks the solitary places of the earth. He climbs the everlasting mountains. Passing beyond the region of verdure and of dashing torrents, his feet tread the seas of amethyst and opal. Above him are only peaks shrouded in mists and eternal snows. The daring eagle soars not so high. There are no sounds save the cracklings of the glaciers. The soul seems almost to touch the heavens above. There surely the Wandering Jew shall rest? No. A pursuing angel unsheathes a sword of flaming fire, and, lo! the wanderer beholds once more in the heavens the drama of the Crucifixion. The way from earth to heaven is storied with myriads of celestial beings radiant with light. Before him are all the martyrs and saints and sages who have ever lived and died. For a moment he gazes upon the vision, and turns away, chased by a sword of flame and demons of frightful form.

Then he again wanders over the earth, ever with five pieces of copper in his pocket, ever with the mark of blood upon his forehead. Maddened with the agony of life, he throws himself into the crater of Etna, but the boiling liquid and sulphurous flames harm him not. The floods of lava vomit him forth, for his hour is not yet come. Embarking upon the sea, the wind raises its surface into mountain waves, the vessel divides, and all perish save the Wandering Jew. Too light to sink in the ocean, its waves cast him upon the hated shore. He plunges into a hundred bloody conflicts without sword or shield. All in vain. The leaden balls rain harmlessly upon him; battle-axes and cimeters glance from his charmed body. Where mounted squadrons fight with the fury of demons, he casts himself under the feet of the horsemen, and is unharmed, so riveted are his soul and body together. He says to Nero: 'Thou art drunk with blood.' To Christian and Mussulman: 'Drunk art thou with blood.' They invent the most horrible tortures for his punishment, yet injure him not. Leaving, in his vain pursuit of death, the lands that throb with life and industry, the Wandering Jew threads the solitary jungles of the tropics. He walks in poisoned air. Flat-headed serpents hiss at him, but harm him not. And thus he ever wanders over

— 'MOUNTAINS and seas,
Pausing neither in the cities nor the deserts,
No where — not even in the tomb.'

In the Ottoman Empire there are at least a million Jews. Providential it may have been thus to bring so many of them to the confines of the Holy Land, but it seems hardly possible that they shall ever be restored as such to their ancient inheritance. The Moslems, like the Jews, refer to Abraham as their great progenitor; like them they are strict theists, abhor swine's flesh, and practise circumcision. For this reason they formerly regarded the Jews with more favor than the other sects of unbelievers, styling them *Yeslir* (strangers) while the Christian subjects were called *Mousaphir*, (servants.) The Jews of European Turkey are governed by a Council consisting of six members, under the direction of a Chief Rabbi, who resides in Constantinople. Two Jews also take part in the deliberation of the Grand Divan. Though enjoying greater privileges than are granted to their sect in any other part of Continental Europe, they are sufficiently mean and wretched. A few of them serve the Porte in the capacity of bankers, but their financial operations bear no comparison with those of the Cræsus of Western Europe, who supply nations with the sinews of war, and claim tribute from kings. The great majority, however, earn a subsistence as traders and artisans, appearing, indeed, to thrive best in the midst of universal decay and dissolution. Let the Ottoman Empire fall in pieces, and the Jews would remain *brokering* among its ruins.

Yet the Jews of the Ottoman Empire, notwithstanding their degradation, exhibit a certain intellectual tendency. They live in an ideal world, frivolous and superstitious though it be. The Jew who fills the lowest offices, who deals out *raki* all day long to drunken Greeks, who trades in old nails, and to whose sordid soul the very piastres he handles have imparted their copper haze, finds his chief delight in mental pursuits. Seated by a taper in his dingy cabin, he spends the long hours of the night in poring over the Zohar, the Chaldaic book of the magic Cabala, or, with enthusiastic delight, plunges into the mystical commentaries on the Talmud, seeking to unravel their quaint traditions and sophistries, and attempting, like the astrologers and alchemists, to divine the secrets and command the powers of Nature. 'The humble dealer, who hawks some article of clothing or some old piece of furniture about the streets; the obsequious mass of animated filth and rags which approaches to obtrude offers of service on the passing traveller, is perhaps deeply versed in Talmudic lore, or aspiring, in nightly vigils, to read into futurity, to command the elements, and acquire invisibility.' Thus wisdom is preferred to wealth; and a Rothschild would reject a family alliance with a Christian prince to form one with the humblest of his tribe who is learned in Hebrew lore.

The Jew of the old world has his revenge :

‘THE pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it.’

Furnishing the hated Gentiles with the means of waging exterminating wars, he beholds, exultingly, in the fields of slaughtered victims a bloody satisfaction of his ‘lodged hate’ and ‘certain loathing,’ more gratifying even than the golden Four-per-cents on his princely loans. Of like significance is the fact that in many parts of the world the despised Jews claim as their own the possessions of the Gentiles, among whom they dwell. Thus the squalid *Yeshir*, living in the Jews’ quarter of Balata or Haskeui, and even more despised than the unbelieving dogs of Christians, traffics secretly in the estates, the palaces and the villages of the great Beys and Pachas, who would regard his touch as pollution. What, apparently, can be more absurd? Yet these assumed possessions, far more valuable, in fact, than the best ‘estates in Spain,’ are bought and sold for money, and inherited from generation to generation.

No where else are the Jews so degraded and despised as are the eight thousand now dwelling in the Holy City. They are not suffered to desecrate with their presence the site of the Temple; nor, indeed, if permitted, would they enter the gate leading to the Mosque of Omar, from a belief that under it are buried the parchments of the Pentateuch.

A portion of the wall near the south-west corner of the ‘Inclosure of the Temple’ bears unmistakable marks of great antiquity. Tradition says that the foundation was laid by David, and the superstructure completed by Solomon. The blocks of which it is composed are of immense size, and were doubtless brought from the immense subterranean quarries discovered two years ago by an American missionary, Mr. Barclay, under the present city of Jerusalem. This is the least exposed portion of the wall of the Temple, and if indeed overthrown in any of the political convulsions which befell the city, it must have been rebuilt with the original material. It is significantly named the ‘Jews’ Corner.’ To this spot, hallowed by so many tender associations, they are permitted to repair, on the payment of a certain tribute, to weep over the humiliation of their race and country. Hither, every evening of the week, and especially on the evening of the Jewish Sabbath, go the sorrowing children of Israel, to bathe with their tears the foundations of their beloved Temple — with warm tears that should melt the stony hearts of their oppressors. And we have seen nothing so sad throughout the land of Islam, as when before those tear-washed blocks of granite they read the lamentations of Jeremiah, and chanted with almost penitential accent :

'Lord, build, Lord, build,
Build Thy house speedily!
In haste! in haste! even in our day,
Build Thy house speedily!'

The Jews of the Holy City have a house of learning, called *Bice Amdrash*, where one hundred Rabbis study the law and the traditions day and night. For their support, contributions are usually taken in the Jewish synagogue on the feast of Purim. The Rabbis who are sent out from the Holy City to collect in the sums thus given, carry with them a quantity of 'Jerusalem earth,' to be distributed among the congregations. When, in most lands, a Jew has been confined and is about to be buried, they put upon each eye of the corpse as much of this Jerusalem earth as can be held upon a shilling. More desired by the Jew than costliest sepulture in other lands, is the privilege of humble burial on the rugged slopes of Olivet; and often an aged pilgrim, bent down with years and the sorrows of his people, repairs to the City of Desolation, to die there, and have his dust mingle with that of his forefathers, in sight of Zion and Moriah.

The London Jews' Society not long ago opened a large farm in one of the valleys near the Holy City, for the purpose of affording the Jewish population employment; but found that the latter preferred the corroding idleness and stinging want every where visible in their quarter of the city, to a livelihood acquired by honest industry. One of the missionaries of that Society informed us that it was an easy matter to make nominal converts, since many of the Palestine Jews willingly embraced Christianity in consideration of the suit of clothes given them, both as a charity and a badge of conversion. But our informant stated, in addition, that in such cases their Christianity wore out considerably in advance of the garments. We do not know, however, that the London Jews' Society ever adopted the method of ascertaining the number of their converts employed by the Russians a few years ago in one of the newly-conquered provinces of Transcaucasia. An article of dress, appropriately called a *Soul-warmer*, was promised to each one who should make a profession of Christianity. *Soul-warmers* came greatly in demand, and in a short time it was found that twice as many of them had been given out as there were souls in the entire province.

The surgeon of the Jews' Hospital in the Holy City mentioned to us one of the wealthiest Jews in Palestine who, although a married man, had been powerfully smitten with the charms of a Gentile maiden. To espouse the fair one, he was obliged to renounce his religion. This he did; but was baffled by his quick-witted wife, who apostatized at the same time, and threw herself between the love-converted Jew and the willing Gentile. The conversions, however, were not lasting;

and a short time before we visited Jerusalem, the Israelite and his wife slid back into Jewry together.

While travelling in the East we were once obliged, in consequence of illness, to spend two weeks in a Jewish family. We did not fare sumptuously every day, nor was it a matter of Eastern hospitality. There was much praying in the house in the Hebrew manner; there was no fire kindled on Saturdays; there was the covering of the face while looking toward Jerusalem in holy meditation and the observance of rites innumerable; but the sharpening Israelite, after insisting upon receiving much more than we had agreed to give, prayed God and allowed us but fifty piastres to the ducat, whereas we should have had sixty. During those two weeks of tribulation, we were not allowed to sit at table with the family, as they, in their peculiar sanctity, would not eat with a publican and sinner.

Let us not be understood as condemning the efforts made to convert the Jews in Palestine and elsewhere. Far from it. One of the most energetic missionaries laboring in their midst, is a German lady, a Jewess by birth, who has recently purchased a part of Mount Olivet for a Christian cemetery. We mention these circumstances, to illustrate the degraded condition of the Jews inhabiting Jerusalem. The very boy who donkeys you all day long through the streets of the Holy City, will exhaust the calendar of Moslem saints in his imprecations upon the stubborn beast, and end with calling it a Jew.

It is to be hoped that the new Pacha—a liberal Moslem—will govern them with more kindness than the Shylock of a Turk who plundered alike Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians. He, as also the chief of his wives, died shortly before we reached the Holy City; and on taking an inventory of his property, it was found that he had accumulated more wealth than all the other inhabitants together, the golden vessels in the holy places included. Among the treasures were a pair of jewelled slippers worth fifteen thousand dollars, and a necklace valued at twenty thousand. The Pacha had not even permitted his subjects to settle their private quarrels without an appeal to his authority, and in all cases a large fee was demanded. We saw his harem, consisting of half-a-dozen beautiful Circassian females, packed off for Constantinople, to become the wives of Turkish grandees.

While in Jerusalem, we devoted some attention to the lepers, in part from the fact that the Jews permit one of their people, who is afflicted with the disease, to dwell with his friends. A physician of the Jews' Hospital, was so kind as to conduct us to their mud-kennels in a little inclosure just inside the Zion gate. But few travellers venture into this mephitic retreat, reeking with filth and corruption, for all avoid contact with the lepers. Of these pitiable objects, slunk away in their wretched dens or lying near the city gates to reach out a

trembling hand to the passer-by, there are about thirty in Jerusalem. The disease with which they are afflicted is by no means confined to Palestine, but appears to be more common there than elsewhere. It is hereditary, but not contagious, sometimes however skipping over a generation. We examined the lepers of Jerusalem without fear of contagion.

The Jewish population of Egypt numbers not more than ten thousand souls, of whom nearly seven thousand live in Grand Cairo. Though now undisturbed in the practice of their faith, the oppressive exactions of the Government, and the fear of renewing the persecutions of former times, have taught them to dissimulate. Dressing in filthy rags, and living in houses of the meanest external appearance, they strive to seem even more wretched than they are in reality, so as not to invite taxation.

The most lucrative business in which the Egyptian Jews ever engaged, ceased in the seventeenth century. For a long time, mummy was an article of great value in the practice of medicine. It was found in all the drug-shops of Europe, and even to this day, mummy-powder mixed with camel's-milk butter, is regarded by the Arabs as a sovereign remedy for external and internal bruises.

'Make mummy of my flesh, and sell me to the apothecaries,' was not a mere figure of speech. The repulsive drug was prescribed by the physicians of the sixteenth century, for fractures, concussions, palpitations of the heart, and the like; while even Lord Bacon says: 'Mummy hath great force in staunching of blood.' Many speculators embarked in the trade, and vast sums were expended in purchasing mummies, principally from the Jews in Egypt. Tombs and catacombs were searched; and when the government forbade the transportation of the bodies from their sepulchral habitation, the Jews had recourse to fraud and imposition. In order to supply the great demand for mummy, they embalmed dead bodies, and sold them to the Christians. In like manner, the bodies of slaves, of executed criminals, of unclaimed strangers, and even the desiccated corpses of travellers buried in the sands of the desert, were converted into gold for the Jew and medicine for the Gentile.

De la Fontaine, physician to the King of Navarre, when travelling in Egypt, made some inquiries respecting the supply of mummy as a drug. The Jewish dealer to whom he applied for information, showed him thirty or forty mummies in a single pile. The physician was anxious to know whence the bodies had been obtained, and whether the accounts given by the ancients relative to the treatment of the dead, and their mode of sepulture, could be confirmed. The Jew laughed, and informed him that the mummies before him were all of his own manufacture. To De la Fontaine's inquiry as to what nation they be-

longed, or whether they had died of any horrible disease, such as the leprosy, small-pox, or plague, the Jew replied: 'It matters not to me whence they came, whether they are old or young, male or female, or of what disease they died, so long as I can obtain them; for when embalmed, no one can distinguish my preparations from ancient mummies; but I greatly marvel how the Christians, who are so dainty-mouthed, can eat the bodies of the dead.'

Guyon relates, by way of anecdote, an event which put an end to the nefarious traffic in mummy. A Jew of Damietta, who was principally concerned in the manufacture of false mummies, had a Christian slave, for the safety of whose soul he appears to have entertained more concern than for his own. Repeatedly, and with some success, urging the slave to abjure his religion, and embrace the true faith, the Jew at last insisted that he should submit to the operation of circumcision, as the evidence of his sincerity. This the slave refused to do, and in consequence of his perverseness was very ill-treated by his master. Going to the Pacha, he represented to him the practices of the Israelite, and exposed the frauds of which he was guilty in the making of mummies. The Jew was thrown into prison, from which he obtained his release, only on condition of paying a sum of three hundred sultanins of gold. When intelligence of this reached the governors of Alexandria, Rosetta, and other cities of Egypt, delighted with the prospect of readily obtaining so much money, they exacted a large sum from all the Jews who were merchants in mummies. From that time the traffic ceased.

The Jews have been unjustly associated with the trade in eunuchs in the East. But the perpetrators of this horrid mutilation, to the shame of Christianity be it said, are Christian Copts; and as the subjects of their cruelty sell from seventy-five to two hundred dollars apiece, they carry on a lucrative business in Egypt. The employment of eunuchs by the Asiatic monarchs dates from a remote antiquity. They were numerous in the Eastern Empire before its fall, the eunuch Narses having been one of the best generals of the Greeks.

While in Constantinople, we learned some curious facts relative to eunuchs, which were confirmed during our visit to Egypt, where they are much more common than in European or Asiatic Turkey, and where, in fact, they are exclusively made. The trade is not so active as in former times: as many of the Mussulman grandees now confine themselves to one wife, there is not so great a demand for these Argus-eyed guardians of Eastern harems. So far as we could learn, about three hundred eunuchs are annually furnished in Egypt, some of whom come to occupy important posts in the Turkish and Egyptian governments. The *Kisler Aga* of the Sultan, for example, is the third man in the Ottoman Empire, having charge not only over the harem of

Abdul Medjid, but being also the director of the revenues of the imperial mosques, and the incomes derived from Mecca and Medina. From a singular custom of the Ottoman Court, which we are unable to explain, a private harem is kept within the walls of the seraglio for the Kisler Aga, as well as one for the chief of the white eunuchs.

Syout and Gireh, far up the Nile, are the only places in Egypt where eunuchs are made for the Egyptian and Turkish markets. The white subjects are Circassian or Georgian boys; the black, Abyssinians or Nubians, from six to nine years of age, the latter being brought by caravans from Sennar and Darfour. The village of *Zawry-el-Dyr*, near Syout, is the great metropolis of the trade. The mutilation, far more terrible than is usually supposed, is practised in the autumn, that season being regarded as most favorable. The sufferer is buried for twenty-four hours up to his waist in the sand. Three out of every four submitted to the operation perish. Some efforts have of late been made to do away with the barbarous custom; but it will continue in a greater or less degree so long as polygamy remains the law of the East. A wealthy Turkish Pacha, wishing to make Abdul Mejid a valuable present, sent him a number of beautiful Circassian boys, who had undergone the infliction in Egypt. The Sultan, a humane and tender-hearted man, could not repress his indignation at the act, and directed that it should never be attempted again.

The eunuch can ordinarily be distinguished by his exterior physiognomy. He is usually plethoric, beardless, and has a feminine voice, while a sombre and irascible disposition naturally arises from the sense of degradation which he experiences. From a consciousness of physical inferiority, eunuchs are usually most bigoted Mussulmans, seeking in the austere practices of religion a substitute for the ordinary pleasures of life. Some of them have a fondness for female society, and there are instances in which they marry.

Of all Mussulmans the Egyptians doubtless regard the Jews with most aversion. In the year 1844 a young man belonging to a respectable family in Cairo, suddenly disappeared. Several of the resident Consuls, moved by the solicitations of the wretched mother, requested of the Viceroy a searching investigation into the circumstances of the case. It could only be discovered that the young man had gone to the Jews' quarter, from which no one had seen him return. He had been missed a few days before the feast of the Passover, and the terrible accusation was laid upon the Jews of having offered the blood of a human victim as a holocaust, instead of the blood of the paschal lamb.

Had the Israelites not been protected by the Austrian Consul, it is probable that the infuriated and bigoted populace would have razed their quarter of the city level with the ground. Four years previous

a similar event had occurred at Damascus. The Père Thomas, a Christian priest, greatly beloved by the people, was treacherously murdered in the house of an opulent Jew named Daout-Arari. The affair created much excitement even in Europe. Two celebrated French advocates were sent to Egypt to plead the cause of the accused before Mohammed Ali, then master of Syria. The intrigues of the Austrian Consul and other secret influences brought to bear, procured an acquittal of the accused. But during the judicial investigation, several important revelations were obtained. Seven Israelites confessed the crime, and turned Mussulmans in order to claim the clemency of the Cadis. From them it was learned that a Jewish barber had murdered the Père Thomas in the house of Daout-Arari, and that the blood of the priest had been mixed with the unleavened bread. The same year the Jews of Rhodes were charged with a like offence. Similar accusations have been brought against the Israelites living in Germany and Hungary.

The Greeks of Constantinople affirm that heretofore the Jews have been in the habit of purloining children, in order to sacrifice them as paschal lambs. This sacrilege was universally talked of and generally believed a few years ago in Pera and the Fanar, when the traditional enmity of the Jews and Greeks was at its height. During the Greek Revolution the Israelites assisted the Turks against the Hellenes; and when the venerable Greek Patriarch was hanged by the Moslems, the Jews volunteered to drag his corpse through the streets to the sea.

These accounts carrying us back to the time of

‘YONGE HEW of Lincoln, slain also
With cursed Jews, as it is notable,’

are doubtless exaggerated, like the old stories of wells poisoned by the Jews, and the consecrated host stolen to crucify afresh the Son of God. They have, however, given rise to cruel persecutions of the unfortunate children of Israel. The first crusaders, when proceeding to take possession of the Holy Land, thinking that they would do service by falling upon the enemies of the cross among themselves, murdered seventeen thousand Jews in cold blood before they reached the plains of Hungary.

We might, did our space permit, enlarge more fully upon the condition of the Jews of the old world, to whom this article must be understood as referring. The history, the hopes, the prospects, and the strange customs of the race, afford a most inviting theme. As every beautiful Hebrew maiden hopes to be the mother of HIM who, in their estimation, will restore their ancient glories, let us all, at least, wish that their emancipation may be near at hand.

PETER MACGRAWLER:

OR, THE LONDON ASSINÆUM ON AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE LONDON ASSINÆUM has for so many years been known to the loungers in club-rooms; every number in length and breadth, in scope, tone, style, and degree of merit, has been so like every other number, as if made by a machine from one model; it has become so punctual and exact in all its habits, disagreeable or otherwise, so regulated according to standard, that if the worthy *litterateurs*, who will forgive us for calling them by so subordinate a title, and who divide its paragraphs and bits of precious criticism among themselves in their weekly job, should dissolve their association after some weekly dinner, it would not be extravagant to suppose that it would make small difference; that the types would fall of their own accord into line and compact column; and that from inveterate habit it would now print itself.

Very respectable is *Assinæum*, invariably well-dressed, with no fault about its exterior and no carelessness in its trim; always in clean linen, not cotton, satisfactory to the eye; as to manners, thoroughly English, if that is any commendation, although we fear it is not; not particularly low-bred except when it thinks it has to deal with inferiors; never enthusiastic about any body or any thing, yet sometimes patronizing, or a little cordial, according to the quality (not literary) of those whom it treats. As to speech, it is for the most part careful not to make a slip, collocating words according to correct usage, eschewing all participles made from substantives, detesting all *Americanisms*, yet although rigid itself, not beyond the reach of criticism in these respects, as is evident by its not very frequent but most miserable attempts at new coinage, and the common use of certain forms of expression which we should be sorry to see creeping into the works of sensible writers in our own country. All this by the way, for 'one' likes in praising much, to find a little which 'one' may censure, and 'one' can not bear to meet with affectations, no matter where, which 'one' despises.

With regard to opinions, this newspaper professes fair play, although we think it is stuffed full of mean prejudice, sometimes dogmatic without investigation, uninformed, conceited, truculent, or even unjust. These are a few general characteristics, but 'more anon.' Such as it is, all book-makers and book-sellers, all antiquaries, and patrons of art, all the aforesaid loungers in club-houses, all small *litterateurs*, (these last take it up with fear and trembling, for they do not look for much favor from those of their own class,) all literary men generally, on this side of the Atlantic or the other, would as soon think of going without their Sunday dinners as pass a week without reading it. It is,

however, oracular, rather than an oracle. Being so long remarkable for *not being remarkable*, and therefore in a certain sense respectable, and so long accustomed to speak, every body appears to be willing to hear what it has to say. It can put its petty *imprimatur* on reputations already made. It can raise or depress the thumb at will, as if to save or to destroy, yet the decision of its small band of collaborateurs who are incapable of uttering a single original idea, but have trained themselves up to be smart verbal critics, is not regarded even in England by the more eminent in letters, as having the value of a single rush.

It makes not much difference whether any thing is doing in the literary world or not, the *Assineum*, as has been intimated, never flags, but is equally well provided for, and readable the year round; so that the injunction is fulfilled, *si nihil est quod scribas, sed hoc scribe nihil esse quod scribas*. In whatever public place it is read, two facts are worthy of mention. One is, that most people, whether grave or gay, take it up from the table, read it through, for it is easy reading, and put it down again without saying one word or its equivalent. They may be satisfied or the reverse, their sensations are not known. Theirs is a listless, cheerless process of mastication, like that of some dog over a bone where a little meat may be gnawed. The pabulum has been given to them periodically, and they take to it industriously, but without much taste or relish. And you never see any faint change of countenance in the reader, but he actually looks as if he were perusing something not only solid, but stolid; no rippling smiles as if some remark had been passed which pleased his better nature, for as to any genial humor, or wit, or indeed faculty of appreciating the same, you may look for it any where else, but not in the *London Assineum*. The sardonic smile of the sneerer or caviller it may sometimes have, but this does not excite much sympathy.

One half of the *Assineum's* pages are occupied by book-sellers' advertisements. It is well labelled in front and rear. With this no fault is to be found, as 'one' likes to know what is being printed 'ye kno.' PRICE FOURPENCE, the fourpence in exceedingly black capitals first strikes the eye on the first page at the upper end, right hand side of the first column, immediately beneath the sounding yet classic title. It looks a little mean perhaps to have the price of literary wares so conspicuously set forth. In the large journals of the United States we have frequently to hunt through all their multitudinous columns in vain, to get the same information, for in some of them there is not the slightest allusion to the idea. However, if a given number of pages of literary job-work according to a given pattern be provided weekly, it is right, and English, to announce what is to be paid.

The *Assineum* always opens with 'Reviews,' as it is pleased to call

them, which, however, are not reviews in the common acceptation of that term, but nothing more than magazine or newspaper notices, eked out by the aid of scissors. They are often sensible enough, and prefaced with a show of learning, if the topic require, composed as if *ex pleno animo*, the British Encyclopædia being no doubt the faithful adjunct of scissors. We might even call them dapper bits of criticism, plain in style but with a sleek and glossy neatness, compact, well-rounded, well-done. The mechanic arts are sometimes brought to nice perfection.

After the 'Reviews,' the faithful reader will find a few pages occupied with short mention of new novels or of other new books, wherein those below mediocrity, or which *appear so* to the cursory glance of the accomplished editors, are summarily or contemptuously dealt with. These last are clairvoyant, and when their eyes are bandaged with prejudice, can often see through a book without going beyond the title-page, as readily as if it were shut up and placed at the back of their heads, especially if it be printed in the wrong Boston, or in mercantile New-York. A bold assertion from beneath a snug concealment, a shrug and a sneer, with a word or two of pithy advice, and the culprit is dismissed who is not deemed worthy of more elaborate castigation. If he is a poetaster, we have the old and hackneyed allusion to gods, and men, and columns, for a critic of the *Assineum* is nothing if he is not classical. If he be a prose writer, and prosy at that, then we have the oft-repeated phrase: 'This is a dreary book.' A dreary book! A cant term that with our Johnny Bull!

After this department of criticism you will next be treated to some weekly gossip about the Fine Arts, the Drama, and all kinds of things; then with numerous paragraphs on subjects Archæological, Geographical, Linnean, Numismatic, Zoological, Geological, Entomological, Meteorological, Ethnological, Ictheological, Photographic, Statistical — Syro-Egyptian — and *Assineum* is made up.

Who will say that so well-printed a newspaper is not worth fourpence, when it keeps you informed as to current literature, and contains such long extracts from current works, albeit it is sometimes slashing, while in the tone and style of its papers you occasionally get the full force and manner, the smack and flavor of the true English literary *snoob*? We have been latterly struck with its curt and insolent dispatch and disposal of American books which had here been stamped with the genial commendation of men of letters. We had the curiosity to examine its collected files for the last five years, to find out whether this arose from settled habit, or only from the accidental assumption of superior airs. It has been a course systematically pursued, and it is consoling at least to know that an impartial partiality has been observed, that all classes, high and low, the historian, the

novelist, the poet, the traveller, if American, have fared alike at its hands. Indeed, its editors are to be pitied. There is a serious obstruction, a real difficulty to be met. When a Yankee author presents himself, they hang back, they reluct, like a disagreeable Englishman, (not of the higher orders,) in the corner of a stage-coach from whom the occasion extorts either an affirmative nod or a negative grunt. But the necessity cannot well be helped. There is a pestilent perseverance about the Yankee. He will whittle his sticks all over the world. He will whistle his national airs while he scrapes out sulphur from a crater in the Andes, or competing with some Englishman, guano from Ichaboe. His yachts are in foreign waters, his horses are on English turf, and his books are in English markets, and on the *Assineum's* table. He must, therefore, be decently met. His boats must be permitted to sail, his horses to run, his chess-men to move, and as for his books, 'one' must at least try to read them, though it is disagreeable to say to such people exactly what 'one' thinks, 'ye kno.' It is a hard and costive business at the best. The book is on the table. It need not be examined, but it must be criticised beyond doubt. The tardy preface drags along with some remark about 'trans-Atlantic cousins,' or 'Brother Jonathan,' how he is thin-skinned, how he is given to hyperbole, about his pituitous propensity, his fondness for 'fine writing,' and that so far in letters he has achieved nothing of which the type does not already exist. A gratuitous self-exculpation, a protestation of candor and desire to do justice, together with a few generalities then pave the way for the review proper, which is bound to be distressingly severe. Our critic aspires to be a Jeffrey on a small scale. THIN SKIN is excoriated, and his name is writ on water. Let him however be thankful for this: though his faults are studiously set forth, yet his enemy has not been so cruel as to *raise the laugh* against him. His derogatory criticism is altogether a serious job; his wit would hardly pass muster, his humor must be of the dry kind, for he is about as succulent as the ancient walking-stick which is hung up in Abbot's Egyptian Museum. The *Assineum* can hardly be said to ridicule any one, for ridicule even of the wickedest kind implies some good nature at the core. The inbred malice which lurks under most of his diatribes is not suggestive of a red-cheeked, fun-loving Englishman, but of a burly fellow forging his thunderbolt—*brutum fulmen*—over a porter-house steak, and a pot of beer.

However, it would be fair to let MacGrawler speak for himself a little, and we select without much choice. Here is a critique beautifully concise on a small unpretending volume of American poems, the most of which it is true, are inferior, yet among them a well-disposed censor might have detected a few of rare beauty. 'We have found nothing to quote from in this volume, and scarcely know how to cha-

acterize it. *A countryman of the author's* would have no hesitation in describing it as a sorter poetry, and a sorter not, but a darned deal sorter not nor sorter.' A melancholy attempt to be witty at other people's expense! Let us assure MacGrawler that he is ignorant of the dialect. There *is* a peculiar Yankee speech, of limited use, which consists less in forms and words than in cadences, tones, accents, and inflections, disagreeable to the refined ear, but difficult to be represented in print, and of which nothing can be learned from the pages of Cockney tourists, and not much from those of Samuel Slick. 'Paps,' however, if he were to come among us, and apply himself closely to the language, he might accomplish something, and think it worth knowing.

It will be remembered that about a year ago the little satire, 'NOTHING TO WEAR,' was popular. Being the production of one hitherto unknown, without any heralding, the appropriateness of the theme, and the merit of the execution, won for it a spontaneous token of applause, and it was in every body's hands. It gave proof of a happy momentary inspiration, if not hopes of a lasting fame. Wishing to know whether any note had been made of this little *brochure*, and whether the Ass——'s reception of it would not be gruff, we consulted the record, not in vain. After half a column of generalities, without any allusion to the poem at all, it 'cribs' the whole of it, and 'returns thanks' at the close of the entertainment which for once it gives its readers, in this wise: 'The ballad-writer is said to be a Mr. Butler of New-York; and the *Yankee* origin is indeed apparent in jests and local allusions, neither very funny nor very intelligible to London readers. But the nonsense on the whole, is good nonsense; and we have quoted it in order that the grave reader may find something in to-day's number of the *Athenæum* that he may safely *skip*—if he pleases.'

It is hardly worth while to multiply instances in this kind since the rule of treatment appears to be almost invariable. The style is usually as follows: 'This is too bad,' or, 'It almost surpasses belief that one should write such trash, but it is an insult to common-sense, that one should be expected to read such trash.' 'It is written with bland inanity.' And again: 'This is a dreary book.' There is always the same appetite on the part of MacGrawler to write a slashing article about those who are at a very convenient distance to suit the purpose of MacGrawler. His manliness is only equalled by his urbanity. The men of a larger type and more distinguished reputation are partakers with the smaller fry of authors. Mr. Irving is deficient, according to this astute critic, on the score of *geniality*, and Mr. Bryant of originality, while Longfellow is still inferior to Bryant.

Of Bancroft's History, Volume VII., his researches into such matters

enable him to put forth the following modest opinion, which must carry with it all the weight and importance of the *London Assineum*, and will no doubt destroy the *prestige* of what has been heretofore considered a standard word. 'We have only glimpses of the men of the Revolution, and are left to a good deal of surmise as to the secrets of the times. We miss the authoritative notes that lighted up the text of the earlier volumes, and *cannot but on the whole express our regret that the author had not such complete access to papers* as would have given fulness and certainty to this, without doubt, the only American national history.'

Here, however, he is excited into a little warmth, and we are treated with a bit of 'fine writing,' which was no doubt accomplished, map in hand. Listen to what he says: 'Throughout the whole of the States, however divided by political language and sympathy, by questions of boundary and color, there will on that day, [the fourth of July, we believe,] be heard in each city and county one unanimous speech, there will *glow* one confederate banner. From the eldest to Minnesota and Arizona the youngest born, from Indian Dacotah, where the sun sheds an indistinct light on unassigned claims and encumbered estates of greenwood, to Spanish San Francisco, *where it flouts along the path of the ocean steamer, and flings gold dust into the eyes of helmsman and passenger,*' etc. Happy helmsman! happy passenger! But how the sun manages to fling this gold dust is a question which we leave to MacGrawler to decide. But to proceed with the quotation.

'In honor of that day the wagon on the prairie will have its arch of leaves, the lumber-raft floating down the Mississippi will attach to its pine mast a July flag, [what is a *July* flag?] the steamer far out at sea will hoist a garland at the fore, a motley population of all hues, German, Indian, civil and military, [will MacGrawler inform us what are civil and military hues?] will make music on what twenty years were forest streets, and all along the thirteen thousand miles of coast from every cape and headland peaceful cannon will proclaim to the world a declaration of American Independence.'

Fine, swelling period that! although a little tax upon the fancy of the reader to think of things so far apart and so dissimilar—a helmsman and a passenger on the way to San Francisco—a steamer out at sea and a lumber-raft on the Father of waters—those civil and military hues—besides thirteen thousand miles of sea-coast and that proclamation of peaceful cannon! And yet a gorgeous feat of words, truly! Let us congratulate our friends on the progress which they appear to be making in American Geography, and upon their knowledge of the sources of American history. Of the last, if Mr. Bancroft has any more volumes to write, we hope that he may avail himself.

The most recent act of severity on the part of the *Assineum* which

we have to bewail is consummated in the number issued on the twenty-fifth of September, and is a Review of 'MILES STANDISH.' The author's popularity is admitted at the outset, a fact which the philosophical critic thinks it not worth while to account for. 'If,' he remarks, 'popularity be any test of permanent merit, Mr. Longfellow is already an heir apparent of immortality. So strong an object of typographical desire is he at present, that it has been necessary to protect him from undue admiration, and with this view a notice is affixed to the cover of the present little volume, signifying to the world that an English writer has contributed a small but sufficient portion in his behalf.' It is true that popularity is not necessarily a test of merit unless the refined and educated by almost universal consent agree to admire, in which case we think that there may be some element of genius or talent. A newspaper which panders to prejudice and bad feelings may have thousands of readers without being an oracle. Its real value may not be in proportion to the number of fourpences exchanged for it. Nobody would be such a dolt as to assert it; at the same time, unless it stultified itself, we should feel disposed to admit its claims on the strength of its favor. But unfortunately, Mr. Longfellow being extensively read, Mr. Peter MacGrawler goes on to explain why he should *not* be; and the main reason is, that he, the said Peter, does not like him.

Pray why not, Master Peter? Because he leads Peter 'into a world of feeble twilight, where the embracing sunbeams chastely play,' which is not congenial to the joyous and light-loving disposition of Peter, who does not take delight in tolling bells, and midnight masses, and monks who pray in bad Latin. And what else? Why the gods and the columns cannot endure him, at least the *columns* of the *Assineum*, and so MacGrawler will not. He also adds that he is one in whom 'men' 'cannot take much pleasure.' But Mac has a short memory, having just asserted his popularity. More than all, his poems 'do not exalt and strengthen' Mr. MacGrawler. They only make him 'continually passive,' and Mrs. MacGrawler 'continually resigned,' and he does not believe in 'his vapory Elysium.' Although MacGrawler himself has written a whole page of stupid parodies on the 'Psalm of Life,' yet he adds, that 'a witty countryman of the author's has written two admirable parodies' which he is greatly pleased with. The same faults are common to *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*, and more beside. 'Why so much mournfulness through all' he is 'at a loss to understand; when, however, persevering with the perusal, he discovers that Mr. Longfellow, or to borrow a witty and true name, Mr. Protracted fellow,' etc. Is not this enough to excite inextinguishable laughter, and set the *columns* in a roar? Mr. Irving may be destitute of humor, or even solemn as a grave-stone; Saxe may be a feeble re-cachinnation caught up from Hood; but who will deny that MacGraw-

ler is funny? *Risum teneatis amici?* To be serious again, *Mac*, who from the quality of his wit we have long since taken to be a Scotchman, thinks that 'in its feeble *ηθος* the vice of Mr. Longfellow lies.' It may be in the *ηθος* or it may not be in the *ηθος* — that is a point which we do not feel qualified to dispute. Again, we have the charge of imitation, which is always stored away in a pigeon-hole of his sanctum for the 'transatlantic Cousins.' Peter's erudition sweeps over a wide compass, and he never reads any thing but he thinks that he has read something like it before. He wants that which the sun never shone upon, flowers without any name, and that were never heard of, music freshly inspired from the very gods, and sweets of poetry which recall no memories to be wafted among his *columns*, and regale his snuffy nostrils. *Mac* a boy should not be so exacting. 'Pretty imitations,' he says, 'but can never be mistaken for the original types of Tegnér, Goethe, Heine, or Chamisso. Indeed if we compare the moonlight scenes of *Evangeline* with the truthful daylight pictures of the *Herman and Dorothea* or Auerbach's delicious *Barfüssle*, if we set the *Golden Legend* by Chamisso's poem or with Goethe's *Faust*, the *Building of the Ship* beside the *Lay of the Bell*, the *Ballads* by those of Heine, the difference between a composition and an original, between reality and phantasy, is painfully evident.' All very true, *Mac*, if we can get all these side by side, but there are too many 'ifs' in the way. We cannot conveniently have moonlight and daylight scenes together, and the 'delicious *Barfüssle*' has got to be translated from beyond seas. This being the case, we fear that 'the delicious *Barfüssle*' will have to stand on his own merits, if he has got any.

Let us quote again. 'The poem, which in our *vulturine* capacity the author no doubt expects us to *poetiverously* write, is entitled the 'COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH,' and displays Mr. Longfellow's method of debasing a fine old hero, and diluting an historical fact.' A little gleam of ingenuity again! Forging words as well as thunderbolts! We should say, asking pardon, however, *a* historical fact. It is true that we say *an* ass, but do we say *an* horse? We should as soon talk of putting on an 'at on an 'ead. It may be English, but it is not American. It is not in our power to follow out the commentary of *MacGrawler* in his effort 'to poetiverously write.' He takes keenly to the scent, and is like a setter-dog thrashing through a field of clover in pursuit of game, but can find nothing but the clover. Sometimes as he is covered up by the sweet-smelling leaves, you just catch a glimpse of his ears, if he has any, (for we are not sportsman enough to remember whether they sometimes crop the ears of this kind of puppy,) then he comes to a momentary stand, points, and passes on to the next inclosure. But either the game is not, or he is faulty, and at the end of the hunt, instead of a pat on the head, and the soothing

laudit of 'good dog, good dog,' he only gets a kick from his master. So, our critic scents and snuffs about over the whole ground, sliding along with his educated nose over every foot of it, sometimes pausing and pointing at what he considers game, but only trampling on a few pin-feathers. To change the figure, English, or rather American hexameters, he cannot scan with a loving eye. He can find no authority in regard to *quantity*, therefore he is suspicious as to quality. We heartily agree with MacGrawler as to the inexpediency of attempting that measure nowadays, either in the dead Latin or in living English. Vinny Bourne wrote Latin elegantly in the various metres, but after all, his lines were made up of odds and ends, arranged cunningly in mosaic, and we had hoped that Mr. *Protracted fellow* (we must have that laugh over again) after the success of *Evangeline* would not have ventured upon a similar experiment. But inasmuch as he has done so, we have no regrets to express, that with so many disadvantages to contend against, he has wrought out so exquisite a poem, replete with tenderness, though its grace may be too subtle to win and woo the sympathies of a MacGrawler. The latter says he wants something 'to exalt and strengthen him,' than which nothing can be more true. But though difficult to please, and rather grudging, he can sometimes modulate the tone of a sneerer; he can concede a little, for he adds, 'there is just one line in the poem which is pretty.' Flowers are called

'Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.'

This reminds 'one' of the exquisite Brummel, who, when a dish of green peas was set before him, remarked that 'he had once eaten a *pea*.' A little benevolence is cheering. Some body was defended not long ago on the ground that he was not deficient in humane feeling, for, that once walking in the street he had given a boy a stick of candy! Since no doubt the poet 'expected' MacGrawler 'to *poetiverously write*,' let him be thankful that he is not quite devoured. There are some minor poems bound up with 'Miles Standish,' but from the same authority we learn that they 'are not striking.' As a matter of course, they are not.

To sum up the matter, as it is now high time, let us say that we are in these parts so much addicted to indiscriminate praise and stereotyped phrases of admiration, that it may do us no harm to be rough handled. In former years we stood in suspense while expecting a verdict from the other side of the water. Fortunately for ourselves, we have changed all that. A book is written, published, and its fate is sealed without even waiting for the opinion of a MacGrawler, and when that comes, it matters very little whether it be a growl of contempt, as usual, or a note of admiration. But if criticism should ever

attain to a palmy estate among us, we hope that it will be infused with that large and liberal spirit which always distinguishes true men of letters, and that it will show fair play even to its enemies, who are so foolhardy as to write books—whether they be Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels. As to Peter MacGrawler, having already praised him as much as he deserves, and said that his *Assineum* was well printed, we will not begin at this last moment to say any thing which might be deemed harsh or uncharitable, lest it might be supposed that we had evil ends in view, and that we were trying to raise a tempest in a tea-pot.

NOTE. — When the present editor of the *Athenæum* was in the United States, in 1854, as Commissioner to the Crystal Palace Exhibition, in more than one instance he gave expression to sentiments of animosity toward this country, and betrayed no small degree of illiberal prejudice. A friend informs us, that when arranging with a leading London publisher, a few years since, for the issue of a work—that gentleman observed to him: ‘You must be prepared for injustice from the *London Athenæum*—partly because you are an American author, and also because the present editor abuses every thing I publish, without regard to merit, on account of a personal difficulty I had with the establishment.’ The *Athenæum* is no longer regarded as a critical authority in England, and is sustained wholly by advertisements.

C h e e r f u l n e s s .

WITHOUT, the shadows of the night
Have filled the world with sullen gloom :
Within, a mellow, golden light
Wraps in repose the quiet room.
I hear the patter of the rain —
The mournful sobbing of the blast —
Wailing as if a ghastly train
Of disembodied spirits passed.

But what care I for cloud or storm,
Since neither cloud nor storm are mine?
In youth the heart is fresh and warm,
In youth the blood is rosy wine!
I pass beneath the cheerless skies,
Nor think how full of tears they are :
There is a light in friendly eyes
More lovely than the fairest star !

Then who would wish a brighter spot
Wherein to sing, whereon to dwell ?
Ah ! he who would, deserves it not,
He who would not, deserves it well.
So, I content with friendship live,
And blest with love's endearing ways,
Quaff the sweet nectar which shall give
A solar crown to all my days.

Lauretta's Eyes.

THE fair LAURETTA's eyes, so blue and bright,
Look blank and cold when I am in her sight.
Paint her not thus, kind limner! give her that
Sweet smile she wears when talking to her cat.
So shall I fondly think, whene'er I see
The beaming portrait, that it smiles on me.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

It is a delectable expedient, for a resident or sojourner in London, to cross the Channel. The world offers no change at once so available and so entire. The kaleidoscope of metropolitan life is shifted with a single turn, by a trip from London to Paris; and to a mind adequately informed to take in the whole contrast of associations, and with imagination and moral sensibility to render the experience vivid, it is as magical as that recorded in the tales of Arabian enchantment. Artists and authors estimate the privilege; they of all men require an available excitement to soul and sense—the facile possibility of thorough escape from routine—the chance, at least, to break away, in times of satiety and exhaustion, from the familiar, and revel in the new and suggestive; the alternation from retirement to society, from town to country, from the atelier to the opera, effects this partially; but when the tent of labor and duty is pitched in the British metropolis, commend us to a week in the capital of France—as a viaticum. It is like going to bed with the fellow in the play, a boor, and waking up a prince, or entering a bath at Damascus, soiled and haggard with travel in the desert, to emerge from that inspiring ordeal of mist and manipulation, renewed in youth and vitality. To realize the experiment, however, to perfection, there is wanting a novitiate and winter—the one to escape bewilderment, and the other, to insure a more exhilarating contrast. Localities should be known, that somewhat of personal reminiscence throw a charm over the scene; its novelty is guaranteed by the lapse of time, since our last visit, however brief; for a very few years, often months, is the French lifetime for a government; and each ushers in a fresh aspect in manners, costume, art, literature, and social economy. Thus is provided incessantly a new drama on a familiar stage; we feel at home as we look at the proscenium, the foot-

lights, and the dome ; while the scenery, the music, and the *dramatis personæ*, as well as the plot, have all the attraction of an original conception. Hence Paris re-visited is more suggestive than any city on earth. It is the lay-figure in the studio of the political universe, on which successive forms and hues of drapery are thrown by the dominant genius of rule : now a republican toga ; now a harlequin uniform, made of the shreds and patches of all the cast-off wardrobes of kings ; and again the faded imperial purple, that seems tinted with the blood of humanity ; sometimes, for a brief interval, the manikin is completely naked, and the guise most frequently worn is military : yet we can always infer the temperature and the hour of the civic life of Paris, by a glance at its array, as certainly as in the world of fashion they are indicated by the dress of a lady : whether the sirocco of revolution impends on the portentous calm of despotic sway, the elusive day-star of freedom, or her fatal vesper hour. It is not, however, the mere political fact of the moment, but the effects incident thereto, that make Paris a fresh study at every return, and supply the eye, ear, and mind with ever-renewed interest. The whole panorama is invested with a different light, as the political glasses are changed ; the shop-windows as well as the newspaper, the trees as well as the escutcheons, the cafés not less than the palace, share the transformation ; the gait of the grisette, the salutation of the concierge, the phrase of your neighbor at the theatre, the expression of your fellow *habitué* at the restaurant, instantly cast before you either the shadow or sun-shine of the political horizon. It is this interwoven texture of social and national existence—this immediate and obvious reflection of the fitful moods of the body politic of France, that makes its capital, for the intelligent and sympathetic stranger, a theatre where he is certain to behold scenes either deeply impressive, or infinitely ludicrous, and, at all events, rarely suggestive. Hence the freshness and variety of which a theme so hackneyed is susceptible. We almost lose sight of the identity of place in the diversity of associations, in comparing the tableaux recorded by the long roll of illustrious sojourners ; not only does each see Paris under a peculiar light, but the scenes continually vary when viewed from the same stand-point. It is the centre of philosophical speculation to Franklin, the land of sentimental adventure to Sterne ; in Addison's view it is glorified by the praise of Boileau, and to Berkeley it is memorable as the scene of his fierce argument with Malebranche ; Scott revels in the antique grandeur of Notre Dame, and Walpole in the prolific gossip of the court ; Haydon runs wild with joy about the streets, to mark the oriental costumes of the Allies ; Madam de Staël loved it as the nucleus of society ; to Carlyle it is the scene of his wild and tragic chronicle ; to Hazlitt the city that boasts the gallery of the Louvre ; while Sir Francis Head

gathers there materials for a new book in noting the details of internal economy, from the hygiene of a stable to the organization of a charity. Paris is not only one world to a medical student, and another to a soldier — not only a different sphere as looked at from the Tribune or Pere la Chaise, Napoleon's column or Madame Girardin's *salon*, the Quai Voltaire or the Fauborg Saint Germain — but it is one place in '30, another in '35, one in '48 and quite another in '54. To retrace its thoroughfares is, even at such limited intervals, to read a new chapter of history, and discover a new modification of human character: to the artist it offers a continually inviting study of light, shade, perspective, foreground and grouping; to the author, unexpected material for dramatic effect, and to the philosopher, data to amend or modify his foregone conclusions. Hence they seek it with avidity, and find the process of reacquaintance quite as animating and far less perplexing than the original introduction. The first strangeness worn off, there is breathing space to observe what has been annexed to the old novelties; what is the reigning idea, what air is patent in the streets, and what caricature the magnet of gazers; the dish, the journal, the comedy, the devotee, the jewel, the garment — or, to sum it up in one word, the *goût* which has possession of the town. In resuming his promenade on the Boulevards, his rides in the Bois de Boulogne, his demi-tasse in the Palais Royal, his dinners at Very's, his ice at Tortoni's, and his cue at the *estaminet*, and his seat at the Opera Comique — he finds every thing changed, yet the same; the frame as he left it, but the picture transformed. His old habits may be outwardly adopted, but his modes of thinking, his ideas must be reorganized; new watch-words must be learned, and, like a coquette's lover, he must go through the process of becoming accustomed to alterations — not so much in the feature as in the expression of his idol, as little expected as, for the moment, they are unaccountable.

It was six o'clock by St. Martin's chime, when the yawning porter lit the candle, and roused me from a slumber beneath the huge and faded damask canopy of an old-fashioned four-foot bed; the lurid coal in the grate, the heavy bureaus, chairs and tables, and the dingy wall-paper — betokened the conservative English inn. Awaiting breakfast in the coffee-room, the scene was equally indicative; a slatternly maid was sweeping the hall, a pale waiter in clerical attire, spread the cloth; and the meal itself was of that solid nature which seems native to the clime — muffins and steaks; while from the moist window a dismal square was visible, its wet flags glistening in the gas-light; opposite rose the sombre façade of the National Gallery; and two or three forlorn cabs were ranged at the door. As we drove rapidly through the streets whence the rushing tide of population — soon to fill each avenue — had ebbed, the still-life had a singular relief; ob-

jects scarcely observable at mid-day now claimed attention, to which the sense of parting gave emphasis. As we entered the Strand, I mentally caught each feature as the musical composer jots his *penseroso* notes to balance the forthcoming *allegro*, in order to realize the expected contrast. The clock, regulated by Greenwich, pointed its monitory finger in that deserted highway, with a solemnity that would have charmed the author of the *Night Thoughts*; only ubiquitous policemen haunted the side-walks; the towers of Saint Dunstan's and Saint Mary's seemed to loom proudly; and Temple Bar, with no crowd of men and horses streaming under its low arch, looked the antiquity it is; a light was still burning in the lantern of Dr. Johnson's tavern, like the sepulchral lamp in a monumental crypt — faint emblem of the argumentative joviality that long since expired there. I cast an affectionate glance at the gate of the Inner Temple through which poor Goldsmith and gentle Lamb had so often passed, and one of sorrowful admiration at gigantic Saint Paul's, cramped of its fair proportions, and shorn of its marble whiteness, and gazed along Fleet street, as the dry channel of a mighty torrent of human life not yet aroused to its diurnal flow; mused of the great fire and London stone, the memorable catastrophe and venerable relic, as we rattled by the Monument and down Cannon-street, over London Bridge, once crowned with traitor's heads and arching barges wherein sat Raleigh, Sydney, and their shrewd queen; and looked thence on the forest of shipping that rose from the Thames through such a cloud of mist and smoke as hangs over a fleet after battle — apt symbol of the perpetual contest for bread and gain waged in this vast metropolis. The crystal roof of the station-house, the punctual method of the guards, and the whistle and vapor of the engine — mechanical expedients prophetic of triumph over time and space — were a fit closing scene to this London panorama — the sublimities of an age of locomotion — the art of a clime that glorifies use, and makes beauty her vassal.

It was pleasant once more to behold the horizon, as the train emerged into the open country, though arrayed in the neutral tint of gray clouds: picturesque, too, were the ramifying boughs of leafless old trees pointed against that leaden sky, while beneath them slopes of green lay like palettes of the mighty invisible Artist, soon to clothe their nakedness with emerald; this freshness of hue, incident to perennial moisture, brought Constable's landscapes to mind. Often the land spread in broad undulations, fallow ridges or rich pasturage; and a flock of sheep, a heap of turnips, an evergreen clump, mossy church, brick domicile, handsome country-seat or a rural hamlet diversified the prospect. Once, for an hour, the pale wintry sun cast mellow beams over the wide levels, and warmed the low range of distant hills: stacks of bean-poles were land-marks of summer, and, beyond the fer-

tile meadows of Ashford, was a little stone church, over whose nestling grave-stones a gnarled and ancient oak, of most picturesque aspect, stretched its black and crumbling branches — forming a pensive group for the artist — isolated and elegiac. Then began a refreshing inequality in the land; bluffs rose abruptly from the way-side; we glided between chalk excavations, and suddenly whirled under the old cliffs of Dover, with tossing craft moored between, sails loosened from their yards to dry, and, far away as the eye could reach, gray and yellow billows, hoarse and foam-capped, while around each jagged headland and castle-tower, wreaths of vapor floated in the gale. It was a scene that instantly evoked Shakspeare, Wellington, and Stanfield — the poetical genius, the military glory, and the modern art of England — the bard, the warden, and the marine painter. Each advancing wave dashed over the pier; and the little steamer no sooner quitted her moorings, than she rose and fell like a cockle-shell — as if the watery barrier that divides two kingdoms turbulently opposed their intercourse. Two hours of this saltatory movement brought us within the long breakwater of Calais — that reaches out into the channel like a friendly arm; and the first sight of the quay proclaimed another country; the group of blue-coated and moustached soldiers, the old glazed-hats and cotton blouses of the idlers, the familiar uniforms of the *gens d'armes*, and the ticketed commissioner's greeting, 'Messieurs, L'Hotel Dessin' — that name which revives the *Sentimental Journey* with a word — assured us that we stepped on Gallic soil — a fact confirmed by the sight of a gracious dame presiding at the counter of the restaurant — waiters in jackets, white rolls, claret, and chatter, shabby dogs, capped women, bits of red ribbon protruding from button-holes, grains of snuff in the air, and a nosegay on the table. It was like a dream, thus to breakfast in the land of beef and beer, of fogs and pride, of umbrellas and coal, and dine in that of wine and *pâtés*, sun-shine and vanity, small canes and *eau du sucre*.

The first political hint of our whereabouts received on this side of the Channel, is that watchword of despotism — the call for passports. It has a peculiar significance in France to the Anglo-Saxon; making him aware of the anomalous fact that a certain portion of his free-agency has departed; that he, the self-dependent individual, has become an element of the social machinery, and is gratuitously relieved of a degree of his personal responsibility. He is now where he will be taken care of; his name is enrolled in the municipal register; he must confide to his landlord his nativity and destination, give his walking-stick to the porter when he enters a gallery or garden, pay his cabman by tariff, and wear a prescribed costume at the palace; if he has a fit in the street no unauthorized person will remove him; if he talks indiscreetly of the powers that be, he must expect a domicili-

any visit or a hint to be off, and if he commits suicide, his body will be exposed for recognition in a place specially adapted to the purpose. He need not fear oblivion ; for every thing of importance that happens to him will be duly recorded. With this comforting assurance, we entered the rail-way car at Calais — a means of travel, by the way, which has infinitely added to the zest of going to Paris from London by approximating the electric points of the social battery ; and as a fore-taste of the parental solicitude which the government extends towards its guests, the attendant thrust under our feet a long tin box full of hot water most grateful during the chill nights to torpid extremities ; ensconced in the chair-like seats, well battened at the sides and back, a fine opportunity was secured for a reverie preparatory to our arrival. Elia used to defend late rising by the argument that an hour's half-somnolent indulgence in the morning, enabled us to digest our dreams otherwise liable to rest crudely on the intellectual stomach all day, and interfere with its functions. On the same principle, the traveller should bless his voyage across the Atlantic and his rail-way flittings from one centre of interest to another, as seasons of initiatory musing to arrange and store up in his memory what is left behind and bring forward the associations which illustrate what he is approaching ; in a word, to whet his appetite to a discriminating zest for the coming banquet, and digest philosophically the materials of his last feast of wonder that ' no crude surfeit reigns.'

Windmills and marshes seen by wintry twilight, soon dispel our romantic ideas of France ; and yet there are glimpses of landscape and names of places that coin that night-jaunt on a contemplative memory. The ancient fisheries of Calais, and its Richelieu gate and the floating isles of St. Omer, Lille with its fortifications planned by Vauban, Douay's relics of the past, Arras, near which Robespierre was born, celebrated for tapestry ; the Dutch-like town of Amiens, where was dated the famous treaty ; Clermont, the birth-place of Desaix ; each name is a spell to evoke historic visions of war, revolution, olden fabrics, and modern courage, such as befit this dark, cold, and swift approach to the gay capital. At Montrieu, I remembered that there Yorick engaged La Fleur, the prince of valets, and at Nampont, looked out of the window, half-expecting to see the dead ass he mourned. Meanwhile I reverted to first impressions of the country, and sought to converge the scattered rays of subsequent association so as to light up, with a truthful glow, the vision about to be revealed. It seemed odd indeed to traverse France with no postilion bobbing up and down before you on a scraggy horse, no conducteur quaffing his petite-verre at every inn, no lumbering diligence or cracking whip ; that venerable equipage has vanished, and the characteristic *remise* chapter of Sterne's Journey, is obsolete — a mere locomotive retrospection ; for-

unately the science of expedition though it limits our chance to observe by a rate of speed that confounds the vision—leaves the mind free to expatiate. Do men kiss each other still on the Boulevard? I asked; do peasant-girls in white dance at Montmorency on Sundays? are the chocolate machines still rolling at the confectioner's windows, and artificial teeth silently gnashing against a ground of black velvet at the dentistry shop? is the *café au lait* as delicious in the morning? do the children still make artificial flowers, and old men read gazettes in the sun? is that pretty stock-girl yet beguiling customers in the Passage Vivriene, and shall I feel her soft fingers at my throat, once more, arranging the slowly-adjusting button? does Baron Louis ply his stethoscope as prophetically as ever, and the Palais Royal exhale the same perfumes and glitter as before with jewelry and *vertu*? Can Duprey's successor sing *Mes amis* in Tell, as he did? do the grisettes trip, the chiffonniers rake, the waxed floors gleam, the fish-women swear, the cooks invent, and the gens d'armes reconnoitre as of old? Do veterans and poor girls yet keep boxes of mignonettes on the window-sills? Is there in arcade and garden that alluring display of commodities and grace, that infectious atmosphere of enjoyment, the bagatelle, the vivacity, the lightsome movement of the crowd that differs from the plodding multitude of London as the elegant Madeleine differs from sublime St. Paul's, Versailles alive with founts from Windsor stately with elms, and the café brilliant with plate and mirrors, from the club solemnly cosy with carpets and reviews? Do blind mendicants stand on the Pont Neuf, ladies of the old *régime* go to mass at St. Sulpice with gilded prayer-books in their dainty hands, and solid columns of infantry wheel with glittering bayonets in the Palace court-yard? Do crowds gather to see a dog swim in the Seine or a man shave at a garret-window? Are kid gloves, dominos, and bouquets as indispensable as ever, and are wreaths of painted immortels hung on the crosses at Pere la Chaise? or has the tragic page of history, the trampled throne, the spasmodic republic, the bloody massacre, the cunning usurpation, which intervene between the Paris of my remembrance and the Paris of to-day, changed the outward life with the political fortunes of that Protean city? As thus I mused, the current of speculation deepened and the normal traits of the French character rose to view. The stern facts of the past, the names that embody nationality, the idea of France, as we gather it from literature and history, suggested more profound retrospection. Paris ceased for the time to be operative and became to the imagination the rallying-point of war, science, art, letters, and society; herein the fantastic and temporary are lost in an infinite realm of truth. It is well, as you approach a grand nucleus of civilization to analyze its elements and re-construct its moral architecture; so shall the scene become redolent of wisdom and fragrant with

human interest. The soul of a metropolis is its intellectual inheritance; kings of thought, creators of beauty, heroes, discoverers, martyrs alone consecrate the soil wherever humanity encamps. The France of the mind is not that where one man rules to-day, but that where the flowers of national life have blossomed for ages.

It is the morning after our twelve hours' trip; we have slept off the fatigue of the rapid transit; and after so many drizzly dawns in London, are once more awoke by the sun; how cheerily it flickers through the blue and rose drapery of our fairy-tented couch; the fancy paper round the candles, the gay design on the wall, the graceful ever-stand, the rose-wood table and gilded chairs, the polished floor and marble slab — all breathe of a light, fantastic, enjoyable locality; there is a chill on the air, and we miss our London carpet and the ruddy glow in diminutive fireplace; but the sunshine invites us forth, and instead of musing in an arm-chair or poking coals, we look out of the window: there, directly opposite, are rows of trees and open railings of a garden; a statue, uncorroded with damp, stands near a jet d'eau; a sentinel is posted at the gate; people are looking into a shop-window at the angle of the street; an old woman is selling sous bunches of violets; how bright are the panels of the cabs; there is a knot of strollers who move as if they had the day before them; a handsome brunette in yonder shop is having her long hair dressed, it floats over her white wrapper, her *bonne* superintends the operation, and the *coiffeur* handles the rich tresses with scientific gusto, while neither of the group seem conscious of the transparent medium that alone divides them from the street; a rustic girl is looking smilingly out of the end of a covered wagon; there comes a clerk with an embroidered vest, then a soldier, then a priest, next a lady leading a white poodle, then an *ouvrier* in a blouse, and then two students — they are in no hurry, but look around and at each other as they go; a little man in a green frock coat, with an ebony cane under his arm, is stopping to read and grin over a *Journal pour Rire*; a *gendarme* with a fierce chapeau bras, is starting a drayman who blocks the way; a child is eating bonbons; the pavé is dry, and a cook with a white paper cap and apron, and a pale, complacent face, is standing there to enjoy the air, as he waits for a cart full of cauliflowers, spinage and radishes that approaches: an old man with a basket on his shoulder, is raking in the gutter for rags, nails, and other refuse: we are in Paris again.

The local improvements under the new *régime*, take the visitor by surprise. He finds the noble arcade of the Rue Rivoli indefinitely extended, the new wing of the Louvre, an imposing and solid line of masonry, approaching its junction with the Tuileries, thus forming an architectural type of that centralization against which Kossuth so eloquently declaimed. Within this vast and massive court will be united

the rendezvous of municipal officials, the Imperial domicile and body guard, and a telegraph radiating to every point in the kingdom. Another striking change is visible in the fresh tint of nearly every structure along the principal thoroughfares—the effect of whitewash, paint, or the mason's hammer renewing the face of the stone-work, and giving a singular lightness to the streets; sidewalks, too, have multiplied, and the whole aspect of Paris made new, commodious, and progressive. It is not long, however, before we become conscious of other changes than those wrought by bricks, mortar, and handicraft; a certain reserve alien to the genius of the place, and discordant with his recollections of it is evident. There are no vociferous groups as of old, under the glass roofs of the *passages*, or around the seats in the Palais Royal—that gay resort, Richelieu's munificent bequest to his king, where Anne of Austria and the Dukes of Orleans held court; whose chestnut trees subsequently shaded a generation of political debaters, until a thrifty noble leased its basements for the sale of jewels and refreshments, and the royal home and school of parties became the most tempting mart in Europe—alike the delight of connoisseur and gourmand, intrigante and gamester, where the volatile and exhilarating spirit of Parisian luxury and life was concentrated—visible in the magnificent café, the columned restaurant, the old man reading a gazette in the parterre, and the youth flirting in the gallery, the flaxen-haired child pulling at his nurse's skirt, as she gazes oblivious at a diamond necklace or alluring engraving at a window, and the veteran roulette player changing his gold at a broker's counter. The ribbons, porcelain, watches, and gorgeous robes that win cash from the pockets of the novice, are arrayed to view with as much tact as ever; there is the same odoriferous exhalation from fancy soap and perfumery, the same coquettish ways in her fair shop-keepers; music steals from the *café des aveugles*, and pastry-cooks, fruiterers, cigar-girls, and goldsmiths drive perhaps as lucrative a trade; but the place is less thronged; people walk through instead of loitering; the social has given way to a business air, and one can see that the tongues of the Parisians are under restraint, and their pleasure-seeking half-abandoned for affairs. The week of my arrival, one of the police checked a gay pedestrian there, as he whistled the Marseilles, commanding another tune or silence. And this significant proof of despotic vigilance is renewed at every turn. If we take up a journal, instead of the piquant discussions of Louis Philippe's day, we find the absolute prescriptive announcement of government decrees, audiences, and festivities such as a century ago made up the *London Gazette*, and now fill the meagre columns of the *Diario di Roma*; if we drive to the opera, the solitude and hush of the adjacent streets induce the belief that there is no performance, until the glittering sword of a cavalry guard reminds us

that but one carriage is permitted to enter the square at a time; if we walk with an old resident, he stops in the midst of a gay thoroughfare, and points, with a shudder, to the spot where 'the old woman with a loaf of bread,' or the student on his way from a lecture, or the *marchand* going to dinner, was shot down in the *coup d'état*: if we look over the new editions of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' at a bookseller's, and inquire the whereabouts of the author, the bibliopiste looks grave, and replies *sotto voce*: 'Monsieur, he is lost to France, for the present;' and if we take up a copy of *Pere Tom*, and ask why the word father is substituted in the translation, the cautious dealer faintly smiles, and answers: 'Monsieur, there have been so many jokes about 'his uncle' that the word is suspicious here.' An ominous quietude settles over the least frequented parts of the city, at an hour of the night when, in former days, the populace were all abroad; every third man is a soldier or a priest; talk has collapsed, and the attraction of cohesion no longer rules the tide of Paris loungers; the gayly-attired Cyprian, the volunteer Punchinello, the bands of workmen and students on the scent of adventure or conviviality, no more make the streets ring with laughter; yet they are vastly preferable to the marshes of Cayenne, and money-making is better than working for the state with a chained leg, so, however contrary to their mercurial temperament, the people attend to their business, substitute the word loyalty for liberty, and indulge in no patriotic reminiscences except Bonaparte's victories. If we inspect the daily labors of the press, instead of bold and intelligent expositions of national wants and duties, we find the new chapter of a popular *feuilleton*; if we examine the ostensible legislation, we discover its agents are mere ciphers and tools; if we inquire into the condition of the working class, we learn that occupations too expensive for the coffers of the state are projected to keep them busy, and therefore less disposed to rebel; if we demand our English newspaper at the post-office, we are told it is prohibited on account of some article obnoxious to the government, that is, the Emperor; this, indeed, is one of the few cases where a foreigner experiences annoyance; for the most remarkable trait of Paris is its cosmopolitan character; a heartless spectator can turn aside from all thought of the capital of France, and enjoy it as the metropolis of the world. It is, however, impossible for any one but a selfish egotist to regard without sympathy, the problems which, in spite of bayonets, surveillance, treaties, cowardice, and hypocrisy, wait solution in Europe. The conviction is overwhelming that the people 'stand and wait;' their experiments, however futile in appearance are only suspended, not abandoned; their wrongs accumulate only to be the more certainly vindicated.

With all the obvious changes, however, there are quaint fixtures

and permanent traits enough keenly to identify Paris to the mind. At the Italiens, in his old seat, was the old Jew, with snowy beard and velvet cap — an ancient figure, whose attention showed the hereditary love of music, and whose isolation, even in that temple of Europe, marks one of the race ‘whose badge is sufferance.’ He looked so exactly as in years past, that one could easily fancy he had sat there, like a picture on Titian’s canvas, during all the intervening time. The bachelor agent, that used to slip into our coteries, with the privilege of a countryman, I found in his monastic upper-chamber, whose sole ornament is an engraving of Washington, as full of gossip and speculative patriotism, and as alive to the petty luxuries which his experienced economy gleaned from a limited income, as ever; the banker looked as stolid over his desk, and unchanged, save by a few more wrinkles; women in caps flitted again with neat ankles exposed, as they dodged the shower; the fair accountant, with sharp visage, and hair arranged in a style a countess might envy, was not less busy at her score; the doctor was to be found at the usual hour receiving patients for consultation, only he had ceased to lecture, on account of refusing the oath of allegiance; trade is the most conservative element of Paris life; its cautious, systematic habitude defies the invasion of political ideas; and there are more Frenchmen now, whose welfare thus depends upon public tranquillity than ever before; hence one prevalent cause of the acquiescence in a strong rule. The features of the Latin quarter are the very next in immobility; there professors remain at their quiet tasks, and venders at the book-stalls, as if the love of the past, with a sullen dignity, scorned the effervescence of the passing hour. As we cross the Pont Neuf, we enter the region sacred to the muses; the Institute, in its air of sublime repose, ignores the tempest which has so often waked the echoes of the Assembly Nationale; and the Mint and Pantheon — temples of cash and glory, seem to embody and proclaim the enduring sway of finance and of fame. Of the myriad contrasts, all intact, none is more impressive than that between the thronged and radiant Boulevard, and the twilight majesty of the Madeleine: to leave the busy and gay crowd for the quiet church, on whose vast and marble floor the lady and the beggar are kneeling, and hear the heavenward strain of the organ, attunes the soul to instant calm: Leslie’s picture of Sterne at the glove-shop is daily reenacted, and milord Anglais, with shaven chin, and imperturbable self-possession, may ever be seen poring over *Galigani’s Messenger*, or taking his constitutional walk.

We feel that in history political vicissitudes occupy a space which is quite disproportionate to their influence on private life. The period of the Commonwealth in England, and that immediately before and after, is so vivid in our imaginations, that when we read the domestic chronicles

of the time, several of which have lately been published, the contrast between their uneventful and domestic records, and that of the scenes of tumult, bloodshed, and controversy, familiar through the public annals, make the latter appear shorn of half their reality. When the news of an *émeute*, abdication, or *coup d'état* in Paris, reaches us, we imagine the whole machinery of life disorganized, whereas the event has not, perhaps, interrupted a single breakfast-table, and is only announced to the nearest witnesses by the sound of a volley of muskets, or the encounter of a picket of soldiers. And it is the same when a new *régime* is inaugurated: in many quarters of the city the domiciled resident may look out of his window all day and see no indication of the change which fills the columns of newspapers, and the talk of the street. People eat their *soupe maigre*, marry, sleep, buy and sell, gossip and laugh as before; a few more *Mon Dieu!* than ordinary are heard; but in a few days, the same itinerant venders resume their tricks, the student pores over his books, the flaneur loiters, the omnibuses rattle, and the dames go to market; the current of life is outwardly unchanged.

The portico shadows lay well-defined on the pavé of the Rue Rivoli, and the long row of lamps, parallel with the gilded fence of the Tuileries, yet burned, when our solitary cab rolled away to the station. Broadly spread the vacant area of the Rue la Paix at that early hour, and against the twilight-sky Napoleon's majestic column rose in clear proportions at the terminus of the long vista; here and there lights gleamed from the shop of a butcher or baker, and the cafés frequented by market-people and travellers; at intervals, an ouvrier, on his way to daily task-work, or a peasant, who entered the barrier at dawn, trudged along; but, with these exceptions, quiet and solitude reigned in the streets. A single sentry, with shouldered musket, stood at the gate of the dépôt, and an old woman dispensed the latest journals and novels. This stillness and desertion which hung over the gay capital at the moment we departed, formed an impressive contrast to the busy and varied hours which so quickly sped away during the week's sojourn. In a few moments the fortifications were passed, and we entered a country dotted with gray farm-houses, their trees, vegetable patches, and untilled fields, destitute of neatness, or any signs of rural enjoyment; it was seldom that a human being appeared, except about the villages, some of which are built upon elevations, and above their clustered dwellings rise the towers of an antiquated church; groves of sparse poplars, low and time-stained walls, the tiled roofs of cottages, pools, meadows, or a distant spire, were the oft-recurring objects of the forlorn landscape. Near Croeil, in a hamlet curiously excavated, the peculiar strata being full of catacombs. A legendary air pervades many of these old and isolated groups of humble domi-

ciles ; peat-stacks and marshes evidence the nature of the soil, and, around each decaying church, black crosses, thickly planted, and of various dates, proclaim a home of the dead. Sometimes a neglected chateau, with a few pines or poplars around it, brings to mind the graphic pictures of life in the old provincial towns of the kingdom, which Chateaubriand, Balzac, and Lamartine have made familiar ; and, at length, distant sand-hills announce the vicinity of the sea, and one of those rough marine prospects, which Crabbe has minutely portrayed, gradually reveals itself : stranded fishing-smacks, a line of beach, the prolonged roll of waves, and Boulogne appears. It was under a gray sky, whose clouds were agitated by wintry gusts, that we perambulated the streets of this old seaport town. I looked sadly at the lodgings where Campbell died. How every mast rocked, and every hull tugged at her moorings, along the quay ! Weather-beaten sailors vociferated, baggage was thrown pell-mell down the gang-way, trembling ladies were supported on board, a fierce *gendarme* eyed each passenger, and compared the passport descriptions with their bearers, some of whom, cheered by an extra and farewell bottle of claret, held, with constrained hilarity, to the rail ; and, in a few moments, the diminutive steam-packet was heaving in the deep trough of billows so large as to conceal, momentarily, the low hills behind the coast of France ; half-way over the Channel, sturdy fellows in great pea-jackets, relentlessly demanded fees from the wretched victims of sea-sickness, as they lay on the scant, hard benches of the dark little cabin ; and, in two miserably long hours, we are crossing the broad piazza between the Custom-house and Inn of Folkestone, guided by a cheerful array of lights, to the large coffee-room, where the fragrant tea, beef-steaks, and taciturnity, assure us that once more we tread the soil of England.

Question and Answer.

O wild wind ! souging through the leafless wold,
What bitter grief is yours that ye complain —
What inward sorrow and unending pain —
What tale of blight and death can ye unfold ?

Alas ! ye have no cause for grief, while I,
Of all the earth, had but this sweet maid's love,
And now the coffin-lid is nailed above
Her snow-white face where all my fond hopes lie.

AN IGNORED HISTORICAL CHARACTER.

A NEW-ENGLAND book says, in a tone which, if it smacks somewhat of sectarian partiality, has also somewhat of generous indignation: 'That here is a man who ordained and sent forth more clergymen than any other prelate in the history of the modern Church, and, it is not improbable, more than any one in any other age of Christianity; whose diocese was coëxtensive with the Republic; who travelled more in his ministerial labors than either Wesley or Whitefield, if we except the Atlantic voyages of the latter; who was the first Protestant bishop that ever trod the soil of the nation, if we except one or two transient visits of forgotten Moravian Brethren; who, with his laborious preachers, laid the moral foundations of most of our Western States, and who was really the American founder of the system of religious faith which may now be justly pronounced the predominant, if not the popular religion of the country, from the Aroostook to California; in fine, the most important ecclesiastical personage in the American annals: and yet his name has never been mentioned, if indeed, it has been known by a single writer of American history.*'

This man was FRANCIS ASBURY—a name known and revered by millions of the American people, but quite as little recognized beyond the limits of Methodism, as our authority affirms. We have been much interested in reading a memoir of him, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Strickland, of this city, and are in a mood to say something for the ignored veteran. It is inevitable that he must, sooner or later, be recognized among our national men of the revolutionary epoch; for, what is history without a regard to the religious doings and errors of a people? Francis Asbury will be recognized—if not as his followers claim, 'the chief ecclesiastical personage' of our history—yet as one among the chief, and a man not only extraordinary in American annals, but in the records of the religious world.

We have little interest in matters ecclesiastical, and are inclined to be heretical enough about them to deserve to have been burned at an *auto de fè*, a few hundred years ago, but we admire this old Methodist Bishop; he is an exceedingly interesting character—a study for the historian. And then, this matter called Methodism has certainly become a curious fact in modern history. Southey, years ago, when it was far less important, deemed it a befitting task to write its history, and Coleridge wrote astute notes on Southey's pages, and declared, that when too sick or too ennuied, in spite of brandy and opium, to read any thing else, he could pore over the wonderful story. Command-

* 'Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into New-England.'

ing the masses of the English people more than any other sect, and preaching the theology and using the liturgy of the National Church ; possessing, in fine, every thing essential to the latter except its prelacy — shrewd prophets begin already to hint the possibility of its superseding, among the people, the Establishment itself, especially if Mackintosh and Buckle's prediction, that the connection of Church and State in England cannot survive the present century, should be found true. And now, that the House of Commons has voted against the Church Rates, and the hooked nose of Rothschild threatens to upset the Bench of Bishops, the prediction seems rather proximately threatening. We all know something about Methodism in this country, but not much accurately ; we see its chapels in every village, we hear incessantly of its doings in our large cities, and meet its 'Itinerants,' with horse and saddle-bags, along the farthest frontiers ; one of our most enlightened statesmen (Everett) tells us that no people in the nation are more active in education ; its 'Book Concern,' in our city, the largest and richest religious publishing house, we are told, on the earth, informs us, from year to year, of the annual numerical increase of the denomination — its million and a half (1,762,332) of actual communicants (North and South) in the United States alone — its increase of a hundred and eighty-six thousand the present year — a single year's gain larger than the whole membership of its elder sister, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of several other commanding religious bodies. Methodism, then, is an important fact — a national fact, and, for good or evil, such a fact as the historian cannot hereafter ignore. And Francis Asbury must be, in history, the representative man of American Methodism.

John Wesley was traversing Ireland, some time in the last half of the last century, preaching daily on hill-sides and in market-places. He found, in the west of the island, several villages of Germans, who had escaped from the Palatinate on the Rhine, during the wars of Louis XIV. He describes them as in a deplorable condition, without a clergyman or a chapel — 'drunkards, swearers, and Sabbath-breakers.' Such were the characters, that the great Methodist always sought out — it was facing the devil in his citadel. Wesley visited them often, and sent his 'itinerants' among them ; in a few years they were thoroughly reformed ; they built Methodist churches in their settlements, and he asserts, that four such villages as theirs, could not be found any where else in the three kingdoms — there were was no more profanity, nor Sabbath-breaking, no ale-house even, to be found among them.

In the course of a few more years word came to him that Methodism was organized in New-York City, and that the first Wesleyan chapel in the New World (the first that bore his name in all the world) was going up. It was "Old John Street Church," well known to our

citizens — and, latterly, in affairs of the 'law' as well as of the Gospel. A little immigrant corps of the Palatine Irish, with a 'local preacher,' who had been 'converted,' among them, under Wesley's preaching, had laid there the foundations of the sect which to-day covers most of the continent. Wesley called, in his 'Conference' for volunteer preachers for America, and two were sent. At the 'Conference' of 1771, Francis Asbury, then but twenty-six years old, offered himself for the distant field. Before the year had ended he was 'itinerating' through the middle Colonies, and had already become the virtual ecclesiastical head of the new denomination. They were but six hundred strong when he arrived; in about a year and a half they were reported, in the first 'regular American Conference,' at one thousand one hundred and sixty members and ten preachers; in five years after his arrival, they were four thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, and twenty-four preachers; in ten years, eight thousand five hundred, and forty-two preachers; in twenty years, more than seventy-six thousand, and two hundred and fifty preachers; in thirty years, they were nearly eighty-seven thousand, (with a gain for the preceding year of nearly fourteen thousand,) and more than three hundred and fifty preachers. Methodism had struck its roots into all the States and territories, and when the veteran Bishop fell, in 1816, it was victoriously at the head of nine 'Annual Conferences,' extending from Nova-Scotia to the Mexican Gulf, from Bangor to the farthest western settlement, with a thoroughly organized host of more than two hundred and fourteen thousand communicants, and nearly seven hundred itinerant, and some two thousand local preachers.

No reader of Dr. Strickland's volume can doubt that Francis Asbury was the paramount hero of this great religious movement. He, following the methods of Wesley, founded and extended over the continent its ecclesiastical system. From the year of his arrival till the year of his death, he was almost ubiquitous in the land; were it not that his Journals give us an exact itinerary of his travels, they would absolutely be incredible. Each year he was in the opposite extremities of the country. Never were men put under a severer military regimen than he maintained over his 'Itinerants.' During nearly half a century he kept them driving to and fro over the country, like an army fighting in detachments, in every direction. He remained unmarried through life, that he might be untrammelled in his work. He never had a local home in America. His salary was but sixty-four dollars per annum, besides travelling expenses; and out of this he contributed toward the support of his poor preachers. He often drained his purse for them, and at one time we read of his selling his cloak, and at another his watch, that he might help them. He founded the 'Methodist Book Concern;' he was the chief founder of the first

Methodist College, and when it was destroyed by fire, he labored and begged till he could erect another, and when this was consumed in like manner, he projected that scheme of Methodist Academies which now comprises in the United States no less than one hundred and thirteen institutions, some of them among the most commanding academic edifices of the nation. He was the first, also, to introduce the Sunday-school into America.*

If he was not the first Protestant Bishop in America, he was, at least, the first Protestant ordained to that office in our own country. Dr. Thomas Coke, a 'Presbyter' of the Church of England, was ordained by Wesley to the Episcopal office, and sent by him to America to ordain to the same office Francis Asbury. On the twenty-seventh day of December, 1784, he was consecrated Bishop, in the city of Baltimore. Hitherto the Methodists had depended upon the Episcopal clergy of the country for the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist, but as the Revolution had dissolved the Anglican Church, and as most of its clergy had left the country, the Methodists were deprived of these 'ordinances;' they applied to Wesley for relief; he had applied in vain to the Bishop of London, for the ordination of some of his preachers, that they might be able to administer the sacraments without violence to the usages of the Church. He declared, in his letter to the American Methodists, that he was thus compelled to use what he deemed, in such a case of necessity, his right, as a 'Presbyter,' to ordain a 'superintendent,' or Bishop, for America, who could ordain their preachers and provide them the sacraments. American Methodism was in this manner organized as an Episcopal Church, some years prior to the reorganization of the remnants of the Anglican Church in this country; and the ordination of its Bishops preceded that of the present Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. These are the historical facts; we give them only as such: as to the controversy between the denominations respecting the 'Apostolic succession,' we claim no skill in that; it is clear enough that Wesley could not pretend to the 'succession' in the technical sense of the phrase; he even went so far as to assert, that he considered it 'a fable which no man ever did, and no one ever could prove to be any thing else.' In his letter to the Americans, respecting his ordination of Coke, and through him, of Asbury, he assumes, on the authority of Lord King's 'Primitive Church,' that he had the right, in such an exigency, to ordain a bishop, by ancient precedent.

But we are venturing upon dangerous ground; it is sufficient to report that such are the historical facts respecting the Episcopal ordina-

* 'In 1786, five years before any other person moved in this matter, he organized a school in Hanover County, Virginia.'—STRICKLAND'S *Life of ASBURY*, Chap. XI.

tion of Francis Asbury, and the Episcopal pretensions of American Methodists.

The new Bishop, whether legitimate or illegitimate, went to work more energetically than ever, and for the remainder of his life travelled, mostly on horseback, at the rate of the *circumference of the globe every four years*. His salary was still sixty-four dollars per annum, and his travelling expenses. He ordained his preachers from Maine to Georgia. His presiding mind swayed his conferences, and gave organic symmetry and prominence to the rising denomination. He preached nearly every day, and usually several times a day. He planned his 'appointments' a half-year beforehand, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, usually passing twice a year over the whole length of the country, and he was expected without fear of disappointment, (for he was as precise as Wellington,) in the towns and villages on his route. He rode on horseback, till he was too infirm to travel so any more, and then took to his 'wagon,' a vehicle which, beyond question, has travelled more extensively than any other ever seen in the New World; its fragments are still kept by Methodists, as sacred relics, and possibly may, in some coming age, be worshipped as heartily as St. Veronica's pocket-handkerchief in St. Peter's. He sent his preachers across the Alleghanies, and kept them in the very van of the westward march of emigration. The first 'ordination' in the Valley of the Mississippi, was performed by his hands, and it is a grave question, what would have been the moral development (bad as it is alleged to have been) of the mighty States throughout that imperial domain, had it not been for the brave 'Itinerant' corps of Asbury, which carried and expounded the Bible among its log-cabins, at a time in our national history, when it was absolutely impossible for the American churches to send thither regular or educated clergymen, in any proportion to the growth of its population. If what is called the 'Methodist Itinerancy' has done any important service for the moral salvation of that vast region, now the theatre of our noblest States, the credit is due, in great measure, to the unparalleled energy of Francis Asbury. He not only pointed his preachers thither, but led the way. No records of American frontier adventure show greater endurance or courage than the accounts in Dr. Strickland's book of Asbury's travels beyond the mountains. Armed hunters, twenty-five or fifty in number, used to escort him from point to point, to protect him from the Indians, and great were the gatherings and grand the jubilees wherever he appeared.

His marked characteristics were few, but remarkably strong. They are not painted, in our conception of his character, but sculptured. He was altogether a wonderful man. Born in lowly circumstances, called early to the ministry, and when in it burdened with labors truly amazing, he had but little opportunity for mental cultivation. Yet he

acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and consulted them in studying the sacred text. His well-worn Hebrew and Greek Bibles were his inseparable companions. He was also singularly familiar with history, especially ecclesiastical history. Church polity, in all its varieties, ancient and modern, he studied thoroughly, and referred to constantly. In mental and moral science he was more than a mere reader. He possessed an almost intuitive discernment of character, and was notable as a physiognomist. He frequently surprised a whole 'Conference' by stating the characters of candidates whom he had never seen before. His piercing glance was the terror of pretenders and ministerial coxcombs — and some such, it seems, were occasionally found among even the iron-nerved men of the early Methodist itinerary. If the classical motto is true, *Perseverantia vincit omnia*, he was capable of greatness in any department of human ambition, for his master trait was a firmness of purpose which no hostility could shake, and no allurements seduce. When once he entered on his immense labors in America, his destiny was fixed. His indomitable energy bore him onward through journeys long and perilous, labors arduous and incessant, privations and vexations which none of his European coadjutors knew, and this, not during a brief interval of youthful zeal, or of circumstances auspicious to an ardent ambition, but through all possible discouragements, and through the infirmities of age, when it was necessary to assist him to and from his carriage, and when he could no longer stand, but sat in the pulpit — till, in fine, he dropped exhausted into the grave. He was eminently a man of one work, and in that work he was inspired by a quenchless zeal which allowed no leisure for any other consideration. It drew him away from his native home, and permitted no return. It induced him to forego the felicities of domestic life, and to pass through a long career without a resting-place. Whether legitimately a bishop or not, he was a noble example of what a bishop ought to be: and he is said to have possessed all the personal dignity of the episcopal office, while declining its usual honors and exemptions. While he directed, with inflexible authority, the ministerial hosts of his great diocese, he transcended the meanest of them in sufferings, labors, and journeyings. Fifty-five years he was a preacher: forty-five of them he spent on our continent. It is estimated that he sat in two hundred and twenty-four 'Annual Conferences,' and ordained about four thousand ministers.

The Bishop is represented by Dr. Strickland as a good patriot at the breaking out of the Revolution. He said, in reference to Wesley's opposition to the Revolution, that if the great English Methodist were in America and saw the actual state of things here, he would doubtless take side with the patriots. Wesley proved the intimation true, by asserting, in his letter respecting the ordination of the American

Bishops, that the Revolution had shown itself a 'providential' fact, and that the American States should not again bear 'entangling' relations to England. Bancroft pays some fine compliments to Wesley, but needs an important emendation on this subject, in his last volume. He places Wesley by the side of Johnson in his hostility to the American cause. So far the historian is correct: but Wesley's far-reaching vision soon pierced through the fog of the times — he early became convinced that the Americans had the right of the controversy, and would have its advantage in the result, and a letter addressed by him to Lord North, has been discovered in the government archives and published, showing a decided hostility to the policy of the crown, and a generous sympathy with the Americans. Asbury and his Episcopal colleague were personal friends of Washington. They visited him at Mount Vernon, and the Methodist Church was the first of the religious bodies of the country to present to him formal congratulations on the settlement of the government, and his election to the Presidency. Asbury presented him, in behalf of the Methodist, an address in New-York City, to which he read a reply. Both documents are given in Dr. Strickland's book. One of the longest and strongest passages in Asbury's 'Journals,' is a notice of Washington's death; and it is evidently the utterance of his heart.

We have said that his labors and sufferings were unequalled by those of his great trans-atlantic coadjutors. He travelled about six thousand miles a year, which exceeded the journeyings of Wesley himself. Wesley's field was much less extended, and much more comfortable in every respect. He was in his own country; had the best facilities of the age for travelling; and moved through a nation supplied with all the conveniences of life. Asbury was a foreigner, and lived among us at a period of profound antipathy toward his native land; but when most others fled from the field, he remained. The country was new and vast, yet he travelled over its length and breadth, now through its older settlements, and then along its frontier lines, climbing mountains, fording streams, sleeping under the trees of the forest, or finding shelter for his wearied frame in log-cabins.

Whitefield, though he travelled over the same continent, confined himself to its Atlantic cities, where every convenience was lavishly afforded him. Asbury pushed his course to the remotest frontier, travelling frequently with the emigrating caravan for protection from the savage, and thanking God for the coarse fare which was afforded him in the hut of the back-woodsman. Whitefield's theological opinions agreed with the sentiments of the dominant churches, and conciliated their favor. Asbury's were opposed by them as among the worst forms of heresy, for he was a stout Arminian. Methodism had commenced before his arrival on our continent, and no doubt would

have prospered more or less, but to his energy must be ascribed its wonderful progress. Spread by his exertions, no barrier could stand before it; it broke out on the right and on the left; his incessant preaching and ceaseless travelling, now in the North and then in the South, now in the East and then in the West, gave it almost an omnipresent and simultaneous action through all the States.

We are not disposed to turn preacher, here in the presence of old KNICK, but may we not affirm, that if 'all bishops and other clergy' were of like character with this old hero, the world would witness a stirring spectacle? With a ministry of such spirits the Christianization of the race would be the work of but one or two generations. Such a ministry, warring with the mighty agencies of evil in our world, would present the sublime scene of Milton's battle of the angels. Ho! ye bishops, legitimate or illegitimate; ye high-priests and low-priests, work like this man, if ye would demonstrate both your offices and the Christian religion, before the eyes of all men! Come out among us, the people; turn our western stumps into pulpits, our log-cabins into sanctuaries, our city lanes and alleys into cathedral-aisles, our garrets and cellars of poverty into oratories; come with your surplices and bands, or without them: but come! Christianity, if it cannot perish in its splendid temples, can at least repose there asleep, like the effigies of old knights and prelates in the medieval cathedrals; but it can and will live — live invincibly, if brought out to the homes and hearts of the common people, in such labors as those of this veteran Methodist.

W i l l i e A w a .

THE night is adrear, and my fire-side lone;
 Why comes not my WILLIE? oh! where is he gone?
 The shadows are deepening anent the gray wall,
 And big tears, like rain-drops, are 'ginning to fall.

Sad, sad was the morning that gied my young love
 This shadow, this longing that time can't remove;
 It taketh the music frae out the bird's song,
 Till the hours of day grow twice the day long.

His fond words of passion a soul might ensnare,
 As Spring's bonnie blossoms he twined in my hair:
 I dreamed nae of change, oh! why should we part?
 His rose in my bosom — the thorns in my heart!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS. Volumes I. and II.

THERE are two principal ways of writing history or biography. The one which recounts the progress of a kingdom, or the events of a life, with all permissible graces of rhetoric, and with whatever elaborateness of style and treatment, but with no partisan purpose to serve, no theory to demonstrate, no course of policy to vindicate, no hero to extol. It states facts simply and barely, grouping them only by their chronological relations, or the obvious logical one of cause and effect. The other is where a history is written from a confessedly partisan point of view, perhaps to vindicate the policy of a party, or to reverse the judgment pronounced by other historians as to a man or class of men, or to exhibit some hero in the light of the virtues or the shadows of the vices which he is conceived preëminently to possess. In the former case, the subject of the history or the biography, so far as may be, is presented in a white light. In the latter, of necessity it is colored by the individuality, or distorted to a greater or less extent by the purpose, of the author.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR says (ASPASIA to CLEONE,) 'Perhaps at no time will there be written by the most accurate and faithful historian, so much of truth as untruth.' And one of the biographers of ABÉLARD and HELOISE states the case still more strongly: 'Till a man can be found without passions, and then he would be insipid; without prejudices, and then he would want interest; without party, and then he would not be read; we must be satisfied with such historians as the common lot of humanity can supply, and read their writings with the same indulgence as we do a romance.'

CARLYLE is preëminent in the latter of the two classes we have described. No historian or biographer that ever put pen to paper so permeates every vein of his literary creations with the coloring of his own individuality. If, as LANDOR says, no historian, however desirous to state simple facts, but tells more of untruth than truth, or if, as BARRINGTON says, the writings of either class need the indulgence we extend to a romance, then surely no writer so much as CARLYLE needs the grain of salt. If he thought it necessary to retire to an inaccessible and wild part of Scotland to preserve intact, as he said, 'his own individuality,' his readers may

surely be pardoned if they keep him, as he kept the world, at arm's length. The sturdy, broad fist-mark, 'CARLYLE, his work' is not stamped more boldly upon 'SAITOR RESARTUS,' 'The Life and Letters of CROMWELL,' 'The French Revolution,' 'The Latter Day Pamphlets,' than upon this 'History of FREDERICK the Great,' to which, as it is currently reported, he has devoted several of the best and busiest years of his life. Not upon the greatest brute who raged through the storm of the French Revolution has this large-brained, restless Scythian left his fatal gash more mercilessly than upon the two spies GRUMKOW and SECKENDORF, whose sly machinations so alienated FREDERICK and his son, dragging down the gray hairs of the one, and alienating the filial, loyal heart of the other for many years.

What then are some of those peculiarities, in character or style, admirable or otherwise, which one needs to bear in mind when reading CARLYLE, if he would preserve his own judicial calmness of judgment, and while enjoying the racy vigor and intense idiosyncrasy of the writer, also lay hold of the essential truth of the history or the hero whom it depicts?

Most obvious of these peculiarities, perhaps most obtrusive, and to very many persons most offensive, is his style. It is involved, often obscure, full of foreign idioms and words of spurious coinage, capricious and ejaculatory. Yet it is always bold and striking, and to persons of no very cultivated taste, very entertaining. Moreover, it has the merit of the best style, of lying so close around the thought that it is described insufficiently, if the latter be not taken into the account. In the midst of the carefulest biographical portraiture, he will stop to consign some hapless interloper to the mud-gods or the cess-pools of the Universe, and before he recovers from his digression, has vented indignation at half his species, or sputtered at a nation some such abuse as 'twenty millions of bores.' Grouping with confident freedom and wonderful skill the manifold details of some historic picture of an age at its cardinal moment, or a nation in its crucial trials, he will lay down his brush and, in a page of parentheses, complain petulantly of the historic Acherons and Stygian fens where he has had to explore, and dig and fish so long for the materials of his work, inveighing with the disgust of a recluse at the piles of state papers and documents which have had to pass under his eye, as if they were not invaluable to the historian, and indispensable to men of affairs. Many pages would not suffice to catalogue the multiiform and manifold eccentricities which characterize every thing CARLYLE has written in latter years. They lower the dignity of history, they are unworthy the conceded ability of so illustrious a thinker and writer, and they offend even his ardent admirers. With the power to think clearly and write with perspicuity, he often suffers himself to use a style as vague, and a thought as illy defined as the outline of the sun seen through a London fog. Possessing a power of condensed and vigorous writing, shared by not more than three of the men of his time, he is occasionally as diffuse as a letter-writing school-girl. With thoughts enough worth men's knowing to keep two amanuenses busy three hours a day till he dies, he is as repetitious as a lawyer gravelled by an obstinate witness. With a professed contempt for the 'pragmatical methods of history,' he sometimes refuses to take for granted the commonest insight, knowledge, or reasoning power in his reader. With a vociferous contempt for the Dryasdusts who have lighted up the chaos of events with only 'epigram-

matic sputters of darkness visible,' and much denunciation of the ill-assorted facts, the destitution of indexes, and the 'immethodical printed blotches of human stupor' of the chroniclers who have preceded him, he is, nevertheless, not one who weighs reasons, compares results, and arrives at balanced conclusions.

All eccentricities are offensive in proportion as they are affectations, and when such, are obnoxious to the severest criticism. How CARLYLE's imitators disgust us! CARLYLE himself, we fear, has not been uninfluenced by adulation. It would be strange if that, and abuse on the other hand, had not confirmed him in his inbred eccentricities, had not led him to affect new ones. The clear, simple style of his earliest essays is in deep contrast with the mysticism and the involutions and the whimsical philological tricks of his later writings. Nevertheless, we are led to think by a certain naturalness, an air of veracity, or rather simplicity, in his diction, and by considering the isolation of many years of his life, and the natural constitution of his very peculiar mind, that in some considerable part his present style is inseparable from the man, and that to have CARLYLE we must accept CARLYLESE.

Let us be just to our thought before we stop, to say how admirable is that fine picturesque imagination which he always exhibits, inspiring the accurate outlines of the historiographer with the natural color, the vivid light, and the racy reality of current affairs. In powerful conception and bold description of events or of character, we are at a loss to name his equal. How excellent in a world of concessions, and compromises, and apologies, and concealments, and shams, is his strength of moral displeasure, leading him into numberless but victorious antagonisms with things as they are, vindicating bravely the diviner ideal, and in whatever sturdy rough way declaring aloud for things as they ought to be. For example, hear him, in the prologue to the present work, say: 'Lying is not permitted in this universe. The wages of lying, you behold, are death. Lying means damnation in this universe; and BEELZEBUB, never so elaborately decked in crowns and mitres, is not God.'

And here we touch upon the very secret of his power — the integrity and truthfulness of the man to his thought. To use his own eccentric phrase, 'He will have nothing of the hypocrite or phantasm,' nor deal swindler-like with any of the facts around him, and because he is honest with his existence, and grounds his spoken words on what he conceives to be the truth of things, therefore it is that he has a meaning for us and power over us. That he believes so hopelessly in the degeneracy of the present age is an accident, and though it is the secret of most of his melancholy moods, which would otherwise be, we guess, a grim and manful humor, it is not essential to his style or thought. What a noble tribute to eternal laws is this, and what world-misery would be saved could it once be clear, and ever present to all men how supremely it is their duty to live obediently under the immutable laws and in filial loyalty to the MAKER of the universe: 'If you do not, you man or nation, love the truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you, and only logic, sophistry, virtue, the æsthetic arts, and perhaps for a short while 'book-keeping by double entry' will abide with you. You will follow falsity and think it truth, you unfortunate

man or nation. You will right surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil, and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.'

We shall be excused for the length of these preliminary remarks when we say that these two volumes, the first instalment of Mr. CARLYLE's master-piece, are introductory — the close of the second volume leaving FREDERICK the Great still a minor; ending with the death of FRIEDRICH WILHELM on the thirty-first of May, 1740. To what extent, therefore, Mr. CARLYLE, casting about for an eighteenth century hero, the grand prize of literary ventures nowadays, has been gratified, we must await the appearance of the remaining two volumes to discover.

The first volume opens with a graphic picture of FREDERICK the Great of Prussia, (*Vater Fritz* to his people) sauntering on the palaces of Sans Souci. After some elucidation of the causes which have conspired to keep FREDERICK the Great in the back-ground for many years, some deprecation of the common English prepossessions against him, something said of the encouragements and discouragements in writing this history, a chapter upon FRIEDRICH's birth, another upon his father and mother, and his father's mother, Mr. CARLYLE fairly begins his preliminary task, which is to tell of the Brandenburg Electorate, which afterward became the kingdom of Prussia, what it was, and what Prussia was, and of the Hohenzollerns, what they were, and how they rose to wear crowns, beginning so far back as the year of our LORD nine hundred and twenty-eight, when HENRY the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends, first mention of the place now called Brandenburg.

Of the Markgraves, or Wardens of the Marches, whom HENRY established, the Ditmarschers, or second line of Markgraves, the Ascanier or Anhalt Markgraves, with the first of whom, ALBERT the Bear, the Markgraffdom arose to be an electorate, and Markgraf of Brandenburg thus becoming Kurfürst of Brandenburg, highest dignity except the Kaiser's; of the Teutsch Ritters and Bavarian and Luxembourg Kurfürsts; of the descendants of Conrad of Hohenzollern, we have one hundred and thirty-four pages of history. From the first coming of the first Kurfürst of the race, BURGRAF FRIEDRICH, to Brandenburg in 1412, through the lives of the successive Kurfürsts, to number eleven, the Great Kurfürst, FRIEDRICH WILHELM, and touching on the Thirty Years War and the Reformation, the history occupies the rest of the first volume till page 283. From this section let us quote the following statement of the consequences to those nations which accepted or rejected the Reformation, and of the former of which Brandenburg was notably one:

'THE Reformation was the great event of that sixteenth century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the event then transacting itself, was the thing that Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg history, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all, with the history of the Reformation. That has proved to be the law of nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

'Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with

overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation; and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz, and farther, if we will understand the word 'Reformation,' Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honorable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moon-shine, which has been of unaccountable advantage to Brandenburg: how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same 'voice,' at that time, all that did not give ear — what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay?'

The great Kurfürst lingered in life but a few months after the birth to his son FRIEDRICH WILHELM of a son and successor FRIEDRICH, afterward called the Great. The history of FREDERICK the Great's father, and of his own apprenticeship, as Mr. CARLYLE calls it — that is, his minority and the training he underwent — occupy the remainder of the first and all of the second volume. The child is father to the man, and recognizing the truth of this maxim, Mr. CARLYLE is more elaborate and pains-taking in this preliminary rough sketch, which in the coming two volumes is to grow into the statue of FREDERICK the Great, than many biographers are in their completed pictures. It is already clear that he will attempt to reverse many popular judgments concerning his hero: with what success we shall wait impatiently to see. Whoever skips any part of this extended introduction will do it to his loss. The minuteness of detail, the result of years of patient research, and winnowing and sifting acres of manuscript in dusty state-paper offices, and hecatombs of books in old libraries, is a marvellous thing, especially when it is considered how repugnant to Mr. CARLYLE's disposition and habits, was such labor, and what dogged drudgery he underwent conscientiously to procure this setting for his brilliants. Herein is apparent the value of Mr. CARLYLE's contribution to historical literature. He has chosen a period and a nation whose record had not been written, and with the most pains-taking fidelity and indomitable industry has constructed out of diffused and fragmentary materials a complete and continuous history of a great nation at its most eventful period and of its foremost man from birth to death.

True to the critic's thankless office, we may repeat here, what more than one of his readers has wondered at, our surprise that he has so little to say of the struggle between the towns and the nobility in Brandenburg, under the military rule of the Bavarian and Luxembourg electors. He has given us a whole garden of their genealogical trees, and a room-full of remarkable photographs, depicting their personal characteristics; but a political change, similar in all respects to the confederations of the Hanse Rhenish and Swabian towns, and turbulence like that in the streets of Athens between the Athenian aristocracy and democracy — of these he says little or nothing.

By a curious and happy coincidence, as Mr. CARLYLE is calling up out of the buried past this old hero of Prussia, Prussia herself is awakening from the dream of a quarter of a century, and the Prince of Prussia has taken into his own hands the guiding reins which an imbecile king had already held too long.

HISTORY OF METHODISM. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. I: pp. 480. New-York: CARLTON AND PORTER, Number 200 Mulberry-street.

We think it was the great Dr. CHANNING who reproached the Church for having produced so few names distinguished in literature, especially in the branch of literature relating to the history of Christianity. It must be confessed, that until within one or two generations there has been only too much truth in this assertion. History, as it was formerly written, treated of little else than the imbroglions of courts, the movements of armies, and the quarrels of conflicting religious sects. The individual was entirely lost sight of unless surrounded by the areola of royal birth or ecclesiastical position. We are, after all, most interested in the development of human character; and it has come to be understood that history, to be really entertaining, must be *personal*. In science, we admire the general law, but are most interested in its particular application. And the same thing holds good in history.

The last few years have been rich in histories of the various religious denominations, all of which have been interesting in proportion as the fact we have just stated was kept in view in their preparation. This class of works, so different from the dry ecclesiastical details of earlier church history, now vie in interest and popularity with purely secular works.

What Dr. SPRING has done for Congregationalists and Presbyterians, Dr. STEVENS has ably accomplished for the Methodists, in his history of the great religious movement of the last century which so largely affected and is destined still more profoundly to affect, our common Protestantism. He treats it in a liberal spirit, not as a sectarian, but as a general religious movement ostensibly within the Church of England during the lives of its chief founders. The present volume brings the narrative down to the death of WHITEFIELD. The theme is admirably adapted to the fine powers of Dr. STEVENS, so well known as an accomplished scholar and author. The comprehensive plan affords a great variety and interest of narrative, introducing the favorites of both Calvinistic and Arminian authors, as HOWELL HARRIS and the Countess of HUNTINGDON, along with the WESLEYS, GRIMSHAW, and NELSON. Ample justice is also done to the lay preachers of WESLEY, around whose lives the pen of SOUTHEY has woven the charm of romance.

WESLEY's father was rector of Epworth; wrote poetry, enjoyed two hundred pounds a year, and had nineteen children. A fact is related of him that would seem incredible were it not given on the authority of JOHN WESLEY himself. He informs us 'that his father, observing one evening, at the close of family prayers, that his wife did not respond 'Amen' to the prayer for the king, asked her the reason. She replied that she did not believe in the title of the Prince of Orange to the throne. 'If that be the case,' rejoined the rector, 'we must part, for if we have two kings, we must have two beds. My mother,' says WESLEY, 'was inflexible.' Her husband went to his study, and soon after took his departure, and returned not till about a year had elapsed, when the death of the king, and the accession of Queen ANNE, whose title neither questioned, allowed him to go back without violating his word. Their conjugal harmony was restored, and JOHN WESLEY himself

was the first child born after their reconciliation. This very singular incident seems not to have been attended with any severe recriminations; it was as cool as it was determined and foolish; it was made a matter of conscience by both parties, and both were immovably but calmly resolute in all conscientious prejudices.'

An excellent anecdote is also introduced from CLARKE, concerning the Epworth parish clerk, who was a well-meaning and honest, but an obtrusively vain man. His master, the rector, he esteemed the greatest character in the parish, or even in the county, and himself being second to him in church services, as only second to him, also, in importance and title to general respect. 'He had the privilege of wearing Mr. WESLEY's cast-off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which his head was by far too small, and the figure he presented was ludicrously grotesque. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of the canonical substitutes for hair, which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which JOHN wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself in his near approach to his master. One morning, before church-time, Mr. WESLEY said: 'JOHN, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give out the first line, and you shall proceed as usual.' JOHN was pleased, and the service went forward as usual till they came to the singing, when Mr. WESLEY gave out the following line:

'Like to an owl in ivy bush.'

This was sung; and the following line JOHN, peeping out of the large canonical wig in which his head was half-lost, gave out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting twang:

'That rueful thing am I.'

The whole congregation, struck with JOHN's appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and could not refrain from laughter. The rector was pleased, for JOHN was mortified and his self-conceit lowered.

Dr. STEVENS has also given us a curious account of the extraordinary 'noises' for which the Epworth rectory became noted during the early years of JOHN WESLEY. 'They began usually with a loud whistling of the wind around the house. Before it came into any room the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber rung and jarred exceedingly. When it was in any room, let the inmates make what noises they could, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead, hollow note would be clearly heard above them all. The sound very often seemed in the air, in the middle of a room; nor could they exactly imitate it by any contrivance. It seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, and throw the man-servant's shoes up and down. Once it threw open the nursery door. The mastiff barked violently at it the first day, yet whenever it came afterward he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company. Scarcely any of the family could go from one room into another but the latch of the door they approached was lifted up before they touched it. It was evidently, says SOUTHEY, a Jacobite goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. WESLEY to pray for the king without disturbing the family. JOHN says it gave 'thundering knocks' at the Amen, and the loyal rector, waxing angry at the insult, sometimes repeated the

prayer with defiance. He was thrice 'pushed by it' with no little violence; it never disturbed him, however, till after he had rudely denounced it as a dumb and deaf devil, and challenged it to cease annoying his innocent children, and meet him in his study if it had any thing to say. It replied with a 'knock, as if it would shiver the boards in pieces,' and resented the affront by accepting the challenge. At one time the trencher danced upon the table without any body's touching either. At another, when several of the daughters were amusing themselves at a game of cards upon one of the beds, the wall seemed to tremble with the noise; they leaped from the bed, and it was raised in the air, as described by COTTON MATHER, in the witchcraft of New-England. Sometimes moans were heard, as from a person dying; at others, it swept through the halls and along the stairs, with the sound of a person trailing a loose gown on the floor, and the chamber-walls, meanwhile, shook with vibrations. It would respond to Mrs. WESLEY if she stamped on the floor and bade it answer; and it was more loud and fierce whenever it was attributed to rats or any natural cause.'

We select but one of the many curious things related of JOHN WESLEY. 'In one of his excursions to Bath, about this time, he encountered the noted BEAU NASH, the presiding genius of its gayeties. The incident is interesting, as being the first of those public interruptions of his ministry which were soon to degenerate into mobs, and agitate most of England and Ireland. The fashionable pretender hoped to confound the preacher and amuse the town, but was confounded himself. WESLEY says there was great public expectation of what was to be done, and he was entreated not to preach, for serious consequences might happen. The report gained him a large audience, among whom were many of the rich and fashionable. He addressed himself pointedly to high and low, rich and poor. Many of them seemed to be surprised, and were sinking fast into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to the preacher, asked by what authority he did these things? 'By the authority of JESUS CHRIST, conveyed to me by the now Archbishop of Canterbury,' when he laid hands upon me and said: 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel,' was the reply. 'This is contrary to act of parliament; this is a conventicle,' rejoined NASH. 'Sir,' said WESLEY, 'the conventicles mentioned in that act, as the preamble shows, are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that act.' 'I say it is,' replied NASH; 'and, besides, your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' asked WESLEY, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' 'How then can you judge of what you never heard?' 'Sir, by common report.' 'Common report is not enough. Give me leave, Sir, to ask, is not your name NASH?' 'My name is NASH.' 'Sir,' continued WESLEY, 'I dare not judge of *you* by common report.' The irony was too pertinent to fail of effect. NASH paused awhile, but having recovered himself, said: 'I desire to know what these people come here for?' One of 'the people' replied: 'Sir, leave him to me; let an old woman answer him: you, Mr. NASH, take care of your body; we take care of our souls, and for the food of our souls we come here.' His courage quailed before the sense and wit of the common people, and, without another word, he retreated in haste.'

We may add, in conclusion, that there is not a single dull line in the volume; and, as was to be expected, the work has proved a complete success.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'SHAMUS O'BRIEN'S HANGING:' A 'BUSY' NARRATIVE. — It was our pleasure to hear, at the house of an old friend — of the 'Old Country' formerly, but long since 'one of us' of the New, and equally esteemed and loved in both — SAMUEL LOVER, within two nights after his arrival in New-York, sing, *literally* 'for the first time in America,' his songs of '*The Low-Backed Car*,' and '*Widow McCree*;' and, better than all, give his splendid recitation of '*The Story of Shamus O'Brien's Hanging*.' We did not 'revise our opinion' of these, either of them, nor did our host, nor certain appreciative mutual friends of ours in 'The Swamp,' when we and they heard them for the second time, on a pleasant and memorable night in the sanctum. And in Mr. LOVER's public entertainments afterward, poor SHAMUS's story was always received with the most marked and prolonged applause. No reader will wonder at this, when he shall have perused the stirring poetical narrative which ensues, nor will its length deter him from so doing. It was copied, a long time since, in the pages of the '*Dublin University Magazine*:' but we could name an old correspondent of ours — 'C. A. D — s;' the same whose graphic pen *painted* in these pages that most rare and humorous of sketches, '*The First Locomotive*,' (to which WASHINGTON IRVING, also herein, responded with such effect,) and who has made immortal the *political* fame of 'Major DOWNING;' as the man who, by interpolations and additions, has 'naturalized' SHAMUS in America, and preserved the spirit and humor of the original with great fidelity:

'Jist affther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and
bate,
'T was the custom, whenever a pisant was
got,
To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was
shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by
night.
It's them was hard times for an honest
gossoon:
If he missed in the judges — he'd meet a
dragoon;
An' whether the sogers or judges gev sen-
tence,

The divil a much time they allowed for re-
pentance.
An' its many's the fine boy was then or his
keepin',
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or
sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to
sell it,
A prey for the blood-hound, a mark for the
bullet —
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge
for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv
Glingall.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was
 light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth
 half so white;
 But his face was as pale as the face of the
 dead,
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush
 of the red;
 An' for all that he was n't an ugly young bye,
 For the divil himself could n't blaze with his
 eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so
 bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the
 night;
 An' he was the best mower that ever has
 been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
 In fincin' he gev PATRICK MOONEY a cut,
 An' in jumpin' he bate TOM MALOWNEY a fut;
 For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,
 For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red
 deer,
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used
 to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so
 quare;
 An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into
 him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be
 caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right
 well
 The quare things he done: an' it's often I
 heerd tell
 How he freckened the magistrates in
 Cahirbally,
 An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe
 Valley;
 An' lathered the yeoman, himself agin'
 four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old
 Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild
 deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best,
 Aftther many a brave action of power and
 pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's
 bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils over-
 past,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
 Now, SHAMUS, look back on the beautiful
 moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you
 soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely
 light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this
 night—
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the shetherring, far-distant wood,
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of
 you still;
 Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an'
 wake,
 And farewell to the girl that would die for
 your sake.

An' twelve sodgers brought him to Mary-
 borough jail,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all
 bail,
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong
 hands wor bound,
 An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd
 prison ground,
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over
 him there,
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam flakes dhrift down on the
 river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long
 gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in
 his eye.
 But the tears did n't fall, for the pride at his
 heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale
 cheek to start;
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison
 cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery
 gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of
 the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold
 grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment
 was lost;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should
 be dhray,
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd
 die.

'Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and
 gone,
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce
 room to stand,
 An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-
 in-hand;
 An' the court-house so full that the people
 were bothered,
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein'
 smothered;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box over-
 head;
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an'
 big,
 With his gown on his back, and an illigant
 new wig;
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was
 said
 The court was as still as the heart of the
 dead,
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison
 lock,
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye round on
 the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so
 strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a
 friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;

An' he folded his arms as he stood there
alone,
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at
laste,
An' JIM did n't understand it, nor mind it a
taste,
An' the Judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an'
he says,
'Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you
plase?'

'An' all held their breath in the silence of
dhread,
An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said,
'My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand
alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of
fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my
death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer
you, no;
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to
the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest
foes,
I answer you, yes, and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my
glory that then
In her cause I was willing my reins should
run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die.'
Then the silence was great, and the jury
smiled bright,
An' the judge was n't sorry the job was
made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed
ould chap,
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black
cap.
Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin'
by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
'O Judge! darlin', don't, oh! don't say the
word,
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he did n't know what he was
doin';
You do n't know him, my lord, oh! do n't
give him to ruin;
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest-
hearted;
Do n't part us forever, we that's so long
parted.
Judge, mavournene, forgive him, forgive
him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you, oh! don't say the
word!'
That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was
shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or
forsaken.
An' down his pale cheeks at the word of his
mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one ather
th'other;

An' two or three times he endeavored to
spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falthur
and break;
But at last by the strength of his high-
mounting pride,
He conquered and mastered his grief's
swelling tide,
'An,' says he, 'mother, darlin', do n't break
your poor heart,
For sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's better than wandering
in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the
wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart,
and breast
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever
shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', do n't cry any
more,
Do n't make me seem broken, in this, my
last hour,
For I wish when my head's lyin' undher
the raven,
No thrue man can say that I died like a
craven!'
Then towards the judge SHAMUS bent down
his head,
An' that minute the solemn death sentence
was said.
The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose
on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear
sky;
But why are the men standin' idle so late?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the
street?
What come they to talk of? what come they
to see?
An' why does the long rope hang from the
cross-tree?
O SHAMUS O'BRIEN! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day
is your last;
Pray fast an' pray sthrong, for the moment
is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are,
you must die.
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered
there,
Boys, horses, and ginger-bread, just like a
fair;
An' whiskey was selling, an' cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying
the view.
An' ould TIM MULVANY, he med the remark,
There was n't sich a sight since the time of
NOAH's ark;
An', be gorry, 't was thrue for him, for divil
sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds was known since
the deluge.
For thousands were gothered there, if there
was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id
come on;
At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in
state,

An' a cart in the middle, an' SHAMUS was in it;
 Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin';
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' thro' trees.
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
 An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
 A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
 An' the priest havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look round.
 Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
 But the good priest done more, for his hands be unbound,
 And with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground;
 Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres,
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors;
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,
 By the heaven's he's free! than thunder more loud
 By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
 One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', its yourself you must hang;
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
 An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agin.
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;
 An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished severely,
 An' fined like the devil, because JIM done them fairly.

'A week afther dis time—widout firin' a cannon—
 A sharp yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,
 And the Captain left word he was goin' to Cork,

But the devil a bit—he was bound to New-York;
 And that very night she ran so near land,
 That some thought she would strike upon Galtimore strand;
 But before the day-light, like a winged sea-mew,
 As swift and as fleet to the westward she flew.
 'Bad luck,' said the police—'bad luck,' said the soger,
 'We thot dat we had him'—but 'JIM' proved a dodger.

'The very next Spring—a bright morning in May—
 Just six months afther the 'great hanging day,'
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
 And on the outside was written out fair
 'To ould Mrs. O'BRIEN, in Ireland or elsewhere,'
 And the inside began: 'My dear good ould mother,
 I'm safe an' am happy—and not wishin' to bother
 You in the radin'—(with the help of the priest)
 I send you inclosed in this letter at laist Enuf—to pay him and to fetch you away
 To this 'land of the free and brave'—
 'Merika;
 Here you'll be happy, and never nade cryin'
 So long as you're mother of SHAMUS O'BRIEN;
 Give my love to swate BIDDY, and tell her beware
 Of that spalpeen, who calls himself 'Lord of Kildare';
 And just say to the judge, I do n't now care a rap
 For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap;
 And as for dragoons—they paid men of slaughter—
 Say I love them, as the devil loves holy-water.
 And now, my good mother, one word of advice,
 Take a bag of peratees and oat-male and rice,
 Ax Father O'CONOR when you pass thro' Derry
 To give you a line to his friend Captin MERRY,
 And if he's not at Cork, then find Captin SKIDDY,
 They are both the right men to take care of a widdy,
 For their hearts are so warm and so kind,
 my dear mother,
 They will trate you exactly as if each was your brother;
 And when ye start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork,
 And come strate over to the town of New-York,
 And there ax the Mayor the best way to go
 To the State of Sinsnaty, in the town of Ohio,
 For 't is thare you will find me, widout much tryin',
 At 'The Harp and the Eagle'—kept by SHAMUS O'BRIEN.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'Once upon a time,' there was a little girl: she was not four years old. We knew her well, because she was *our* little girl. She was full of life, and was very fond of romping and 'carrying on' with her sister, a little older, and her smaller play-mates. We lived, at that time, in a house which was one of a uniform row — of three-stories with a basement; gardens in the rear, filled with flowers and trellised grape-vines — the 'block' extending from one cross-street to another, and all the uniform roofs, gently sloping, surrounded, front and back, by one uniform ornamental balustrade. It was a quiet and pleasant street; and from the roofs of the houses upon it, you could look off upon the broad river, and inhale the cool, salt, salubrious breeze, as, in hot summer afternoons, it swept inland, fresh from the crests of the blue waves of the near ocean. Over the houses there were large octagonal sky-lights, some of beautiful stained-glass; othersome of opaque glass merely. To the roof, therefore, at the close of a sultry summer's day, it was our wont to repair; taking up the evening papers, and the little people for companions — much delighting to hear their small prattle, and see them gambol in the cool healthful air which did there abound. One late summer afternoon, just as the sun was going down the red west, we were stationed upon the roof, as was our custom, and the 'wee people' were with us. We were reading a new work from the pen of Miss CATHERINE SEDGWICK, just then fresh from the press. We had advanced far into one of its most interesting scenes, and were so much abstracted in mind, that we took no thought of the children. Presently, however, we were interrupted by a crash; a jingle as of broken glass; a scream from the eldest of the play-girls: 'Father! father! — M — has fallen down! — M — has fallen down!' Without once thinking of the sky-lights, we ran to the front and rear sides, and looked over the balustrades: nothing was to be seen, save the pedestrians below, and the green gardens. She must have fallen through a sky-light! We hastened down the stairs — the MOTHER, with a babe rolled up in her arms, night-dressed for its little couch, rushing down before us. We reached the street, and ran up the broad stone steps of the next house: the blinds were drawn — the occupants in the country — the door locked! The next, the same: the third — and a servant-girl answered the bell, with our little girl in her arms, and down her face the bright red blood streaming! 'I did n't *mean* to do it, mother!' was her first exclamation, as she was folded in an ecstatic embrace in her mother's arms. Dear child! The blood was wiped from her face, and was found to flow from a scarcely-perceptible cut over the eye-brow: examination proved that her head was uninjured: but when her garments were removed, with great pain to the little sufferer, down dangled the right leg, like the 'limpsy,' disjointed, bran-stuffed leg of one of her dolls! She had jumped, in play, upon an opaque glass sky-light; fallen through; struck upon the banisters of the garret-stairs; upon the third-floor banisters below; then upon the parlor-stairs' banisters; and was finally picked up by the servant, lying in the hall below! Was there ever such another escape? She had fallen thirty-six feet, and her right leg was broken twice above the knee! How that patient little creature lay for two

months, with her limb stretched and confined in a surgical 'boot;' how maternally, night and day, she was watched and tended; complaining only, as the bones were knitting, that the 'mosquitoes were biting her;' how, weeks after, the 'boot' slipped, and with 'faintness at the heart-strings stretched to full tension,' all the MOTHER burst forth, in fear of a new and terrible disaster; how, when one by one, the long weeks had rolled on, and ingenuity had been almost exhausted to keep the little heroine's attention and fancy diverted from her 'mosquito-biting' pains, the splints and swathing-bandages were removed, and the child was restored to us, 'whole from that hour,' insomuch that it could not be known that any injury had ever befallen her: how *these* things — their bitterness and their dear-bought joy — touched the parental heart, may the happy reader never have occasion to know and to feel. Pass but a few days — a few fleeting moments, one might almost say, on the face of the great clock of TIME — and that little child, mis-speaking half-uttered words; intermingling her winning ways with the developing charms of those who have 'grown in beauty side by side' with her; has advanced onward in her 'teens:' then comes the boarding-school, far in the country, with multitudinous preparations for the same: the leaving of HOME, for the first time: then the correspondence of the sisters with HOME — But we 'prattle out of season:' let us stand in the chancel of the beautiful church, in the presence of a 'cloud of witnesses,' and give the little girl away, where her heart had gone before: father and mother, and sisters and brother calling up these and a thousand other tender or sorrowful reminiscences meanwhile: while in words simple, fervent, and touching, the Friend and Pastor invokes the blessing of Heaven upon the scene. What have we to do, but go back to the cottage and the sanctum, where another's fingers shall now run over the piano-keys; another voice 'hum,' and other hands sweep, dust and 'put things to 'wrongs' generally. It was a crying kind of a wedding, after all, 'for reasons hereinbefore mentioned.' Separation from HOME is a sad thing, at best, with which time and distance, however short, have not half as much to do, as many inexperienced 'parients' suppose. - - - Is n't it a somewhat singular thing, that *almost* one of the best and most characteristic 'ELIA' papers that CHARLES LAMB ever penned, should not be included in either of the two American editions of his works? — one published in our city, and the other in the smug village of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts? 'S a fact,' though, nevertheless and notwithstanding. We allude to the *Reflections of a Man in the Pillory* — an instrument of punishment too well known to need description. Let us premise that it was situated in the midst of the wildest rabblement of the Great Babylon of London. The culprit was placed in a high frame, or inclosure, his neck begirt with a collar of wood, his extended hands secured, (much after the manner of the prisoners' shower-apparatus at Sing-Sing, the former sight whereof in operation makes us shudder as we write,) and 'his feet made fast in the stocks.' There he was subjected to all sorts of unseemly missiles from the crowd, standing for a quarter of an hour at one point of the compass, and then turned successively to the other three quarters, until the hour was accomplished. The unhappy varlet, at the end of the hour, was always a most pitiable object, looking, when finally liberated by KETCH, the hangman, as if he had exchanged his humanity with a monkey. It is *this* character, which LAMB has placed upon a throne, and invested with more than

regal dignity. Who ever shed, before, such gushes of poetry around so dark a subject?

'KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There—softly, softly: . . . now it will do. And have a care, in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the Orient. In a quarter of an hour, I shift southward—do you mind? and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half-points, I beseech you: N.N. by W., or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

'Bless us! what a company is here assembled in honor of me! How great I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder, the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary-Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens, to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the East to gaze at it? (*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*) That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should be neither myrrh nor frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends: I am no ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouse with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such olla podridas; they have need of them. (*A brick is let fly.*) Disease not, I pray you, nor dismantle, your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. (*A coal flies.*) Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles shall stand at a cold simmer. Now south about, KETCH. I will apostrophize my tabernacle.

'Delectable mansion, hail! House not made of every wood! Lodging that pays no rent; airy and commodious, which, owing no window-tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and over-looking, that they will sometimes stand for an hour together, to enjoy the prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the Great Babel, yet affording *sufficient* glimpses into it! Pulpit without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them, and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true over-seer! What, though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate*! Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime!

'Importunate hour-hand—stay! The clock speaks one. I return to common life. KETCH, let me out!'

Is there any thing in LAMB'S works more *like* him than this?—or any thing *better* than this, in its kind? - - - A FRIEND in Washington has sent us, in an anonymous slip of printed verse, a 'paper' upon '*Billy Bowlegs and Colonel Rector*,' which fully accounts for the means which were brought to bear upon that renowned chief, to induce him to vacate the everglades of Florida. To those who

have seen Mr. WILLIAM BOWLEGS, as *we* have, it will be apparent that Colonel RECTOR's *modus operandi* was the best that could have been adopted. When visiting our city, the chief's lower limbs were not remarked as distinctive of his name. He walked crookedly, to be sure; yet his walk was better than his conversation. He swore in broken-English; and although we saw him only for the space of five minutes, he asked twice within that time for 's'mo' rum.' 'But to our narrative,' in a few suggestive segregated stanzas:

'HERE is to COLONEL RECTOR,
A gentleman and friend,
The hero who from Florida
Did BILLY BOWLEGS send.

'He did it with a pipe of peace,
Smoked in a piece of pipe:
May peace of mind be always his,
And his years be full and ripe!

'The COLONEL went from Washington,
And sat down in the Glades;
The joyous boys he took with him
Were his only kind of blades.

'When BILLY heard he had arrived,
He was away from home;
But said the COLONEL need not crow,
He soon would cut his comb.

'With cane in hand, he walked in camp,
Our noble friend to meet;
The COLONEL kindly shook *his* hand,
And said, 'I've come to treat.'

'Said BILL: 'Those stupid soldiers,
Whom every day we beat,
To treat have never offered once;
But asked us to *re-treat*.

'But you're the very man for me,'
Says BILLY, with a wink.
Says the COLONEL: 'BILLY, I'm your friend:
What will you *take to drink*?'

'He said: 'Sir, you have treated me:
I'm ready now to treat.'
The COLONEL pointed to a stump—
'Friend BOWLEGS, take a seat.'

'Friend BILLY' complied: and before he had taken six 'drinks,' they had 'treated' to entire mutual satisfaction. - - - In the columns of a late issue of the Philadelphia '*Press*' daily journal, is a very interesting and instructive article, entitled '*Street Travel at Home and Abroad*.' Like many other and kindred papers from the same pen, which have appeared in the same widely-diffused and popular sheet, it is remarkable for the accumulation and condensation of *facts*, precisely of the kind which the general and inquisitive reader desires most to know, as connected with 'the subject under consideration.' Thus we are told *why* it is, and *how* it is, that in the Mammoth City of the world, London, (Pekin and Jeddo are a good way off, 'and perhaps it *isn't* so,' what is said of their unmatched extent and superior 'dignity of space,') city rail-cars, so great a convenience, and so numerous, in our Great Metropolis of the New World, cannot be run in the longest and most prominent streets, because of their crowded space, or the grades of ascent and descent to be encountered—this latter fact being one which no map or picture properly represents to the eye of the untravelled American. Hence, as we have said, the interest of the sketches to which we now allude and have heretofore adverted to. 'A cockney,' says the writer, 'might ignorantly inquire, what interest all this could be to American readers?'—adding: 'He does not know what writers and readers do, that an educated American is very familiar with 'the Old Country' through the medium of books; that, from these and newspapers, he knows almost as much about Regent-street in London, High-street in Birmingham, Bold-street in Liverpool, Market-street in Manchester, as he does of Chestnut-street in Philadelphia, Broadway in New-York, Baltimore-street in Baltimore, Washington-street in Boston. Beside the readers who have thus learned more about England than nine-tenths of Englishmen do themselves know, we have a noble army of travellers who

have visited not only the great cities but the nooks and corners, the miniature lakes and the woodland glades of the mother-land. We know that this class are glad to have their memories revived now and then, as we attempt, by such occasional references.' It is at the risk of incurring a charge of egotism, that we present the succeeding sentences; but we do so for the purpose of adding a few words in corroboration of what the writer is kind enough to say of the deep interest which, from our earliest boyhood, we have always taken in his literally great theme: 'There is one, however, whose name we here take leave particularly to mention. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK — who as editor of the venerable *Knickerbocker Magazine*, is known in every land where the English language prevails — has never been able to realize his life-long day-dream of visiting London, and filling his heart with delight by roaming through localities upon which tradition and history, song and story, romance and reality, have cast a glory like an aureola. But he has studied the map of London for years, and has grown familiar with the facts and legends which belong to that modern Babylon. So well does he know every part of that great city, through maps, books, and conversation, that you can scarcely name a street which he does not know, telling you what deed of note was done therein, in other days, what men of mark suffered the pangs of poverty therein, or enjoyed the blessings of competence and fame.' We thank the writer for this kind compliment to our 'knowledge of London, without ever having seen it: ' but, without scarcely knowing why, we may almost say, that London *has* always been a passion with us. Pen-and-ink drawings of Saint PAUL's, Westminster Abbey, and 'The Tower,' were familiar to us before we had seen the great match between CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON, and the discomfiture of old Giant DESPAIR in JOHN BUNYAN's *Pilgrim's Progress*. LEIGH's 'Old' and 'New Picture of London,' were treasures to us; but when we had achieved a large '*Aeronautic View of London*,' looking down upon both sides of the Thames, and taking in the whole 'brick-and-stone wilderness' to the horizon on every hand; and also '*The Capital of the British Empire*,' taken from the top of the Duke of York's Column, looking North and South, our satisfaction was complete. When Mr. DICKENS was in our town-sanctum one day, we derived much information from consulting, with him, these two pictures; and they embrace every thing, almost, in the range of the eye, as far as sight can reach; from the long range of hills that overlook Surrey and Kent, from the opposite heights of Highgate and Hampstead, and the level valley through which the Thames winds, in one direction into the charming country, and in the other, sweeps onward to the sea, Gravesend-ward. But the strangest thing in connection with all this, is our thousand-and-one *Dreams of being in London*. Within three months, going to sleep, we dare say, with our last drowsy thought upon our friend Mr. SPARROWGRASS, threading the memorable streets and places of the 'wilderness-world,' we awoke with the exclamation, 'Well, here we are in London, at last! We have had bother enough to *get* here, but here we *are*, 'any how!' Here is the *wall* of Saint PAUL's; and therewithal we put out our hand, felt of it, and then looked up to the great dome, looming through the misty sky! A slight mistake: it was the wall of our pleasant bed-room, on which prismatic hues were playing from girandole-pendants, through an open door into an adjoining apartment: but better than all the 'cries of London' was the musical voice of a little

boy, asking, 'What's the matter, fader?' - - - FROM the clever correspondent, whose poetical introduction of our friend SAXE to the crowded audience of a Chicago lecture-room we gave in our October number, we derive the subjoined beautiful lines. There is more than mere poetical merit in them: they contain a lesson of consolation, which cannot be lost upon any mother 'bereaved of her children.' These '*Angel Voices*' will whisper 'Peace' to many an almost broken heart:

'A RAY of sweet effulgence
Fell on the little bed,
And round a sleeping cherub
A lovely halo shed.
'Oh! whence this stream of glory?'
The watchful mother cries:
And ANGEL VOICES answered,
'It cometh from the skies.'

'Then rose a form of beauty
In that glad mother's sight:
And from her clouded vision
Obscured the heavenly light.

'Ah! whence this gloom, this darkness?
Whence hath that cloud its birth?'
And ANGEL VOICES answered,
'Tis earthy of the earth.'

'Again the cherub slumbered
Upon his lowly bed;
But in that holy presence was
The stillness of the dead.
'Ah! whence came the DESTROYER?
O GOD! how can I bear!'
'Hush!' ANGEL VOICES answered,
'Thy FATHER hath been here!'

'O SUN of Righteousness arise! —
Once more upon me shine:
For naught is left that can eclipse
Thy radiance divine.'

'A ray of bright effulgence
Came from the Throne of Love,
And ANGEL VOICES whispered,
'Thy treasure is above!'

Bereaved mother — bereaved father: when you open the little daguerreotype which gives back to your fond yet sorrowing gaze the loved lineaments of your departed child: the broad white brow, and symmetrical head, so full of intellectual promise; the eyes beaming with that affection which was an effluence from the great fountain of LOVE; that face now so placid in death, and those limbs now so cold and still; when you recall to mind all the 'little winning ways, the 'thousand endearments and tendernesses which wound unnoticed around your heart,' then these '*Angel Voices*' will speak to you, in tones to soothe your anguish, and dissipate the bitterness of your grief. It is but yesterday that 'the waves of life were heaving to and fro' in the breast of our once '*little José*:' to-day, we are assured that 'all is well:' but had it pleased God to take her hence to be here no more forever, it seems to us, even in this crowning hour of hope and gratitude, that words of consolation would have reached us in the '*Angel Voices*' which we trust are sounding in the bereaved heart of the reader. - - - 'We have among us,' says a correspondent in a Western State, a highly talented but eccentric lawyer, who is 'his own worst enemy' — a most expressive phrase, to my mind. *Libation* alone wrought his ruin. He tried hard to 'shun the bowl,' but he had gone too far to recede. I saw him one evening in his room, sitting with a pocket-thermometer thrust into the bosom of his shirt. I asked him what he was doing with it, in such a singular place. He replied that he was trying to see how *high* he could get! He married, some years since, a most charming young lady; and when he sought his father-in-law's consent, the old gentleman very frankly told him that his daughter's dower would necessarily be very small; and he desired to know what were *his* pecuniary circumstances: 'My dear Sir,' said he, 'I have no pecuniary circumstances!' In a certain criminal case, not long ago, he was engaged for the defence, and found frequent occasion to object to certain questions proposed by the counsel for the State to the witnesses, as being '*leading*:' finally he proposed a

'form' for questions, whereby the witnesses would not be 'led:' and this form the Court requested counsel to follow. 'I imagine, Sir,' said the State's counsel, growing excited, 'that counsel for the prisoner, in reminding me of the *Law*, and suggesting legal 'forms,' thinks me entirely ignorant of *both*!' Quick as thought, the counsel for the defence was on his feet: '*That* fact, your Honor,' said he, 'is admitted!' The State's counsel, amidst roars of laughter from bench, bar, and jury, in which *he* joined as heartily as the rest, adopted the proposed 'form,' and proceeded with the examination. Perhaps I may as well mention one other circumstance in connection with 'our subject,' and then 'have done.' His extravagant habits, while on the circuit, frequently caused him to make small pecuniary demands of his brother barristers, which not one of them was ever known to refuse; for he was invariably prompt in the discharge of such indebtedness: beside which, when he himself was 'in funds,' any friend could have what he could spare, for the simple asking: nay, he would sometimes, like CHARLES LAMB, save a friend the embarrassment of asking, by proffering, in a delicate way, the aid which he inferred was desired. Coming up to Judge B——, as the bench and bar were about leaving the court-room one day for another station, he said: 'Judge, will you have the kindness to loan me the trifling sum of ten dollars? I will pay you to-morrow.' 'Certainly,' replied the Judge: 'but what now? What do you want to *do* with ten dollars?' 'Well, Judge, the landlord of this hotel is laboring under the impression that I am *indebted* to him in a small amount, and he even refuses to let me have *my horse* until it is paid! I have tried to *reason* with him, Sir, but he is deaf to the voice of Reason; and as we are about leaving, I really have no time longer to argue the case with him. I find I shall be obliged to give the money to him now, and wait for its restitution until a recurrence of one of his *lucid intervals*!' There was some method in *his* madness, whatever may be thought of the sharp landlord's strange hallucination! - - - '*Piney-Woods Tavern, or Sam Slick in Texas*,' from the press of PETERSON AND BROTHERS, Philadelphia, is a good specimen of the style of humor which was so observable in the '*Stray Yankee in Texas*,' and is even better as an illustration of the indigenous oddities of conceits and expressions which may be found in the frontier country of the South-West. Of the genuineness of the author's representations of back-woods phraseology, derived as they were from personal experience in Texas, we suppose there can be no doubt: and for this reason it may be regarded as a sort of verification of BARTLETT's '*Dictionary of Americanisms*.' The adventures and stories in it are also recited with a grotesque humor, which is appropriate to the wild regions where they are placed.' Thus far the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, a sound and reliable literary authority, touching a handsome illustrated volume upon our table, which reaches us at too late an hour for perusal and notice. We are sorry to see the subtitle: it looks like a 'conveyance,' or an 'appropriation;' or at least indicative of a poverty of invention, even in a name. 'SAM SLICK' belongs to Judge HALIBURTON, (who, by the way, ordered from London, through our friend FORBES, library-agent, the other day, a complete set of the KNICKERBOCKER, from the beginning,) and it rightfully belongs to nobody else. Such characters as 'SAM SLICK' are the property of those who create and endow them. - - - As a 'Proverbial Philosopher,' a greater than TUPPER is here: here before us, in the person (intellectually con-

sidered) of 'Dow, JR.,' now of California. There are *thoughts* in his proverbialisms; an affluence of imagery, and freshets of illustration, to which TUPPER is a stranger. Let us verify:

ON YESTERDAY.

'A YESTERDAY outside the gate of the PRESENT — what can you make of it? Nothing. Make ship-timber out of the beams of the morning: rear a loft upon the seven sleepers: pluck quills from the wings of the wind: work a mining-claim with rhubarb and jalap: drive a locomotive with the force of argument: draw conclusions from an empty cider-cask, and inferences with an ox-team: beat the rolling spheres at a game of ten-pins: and scale a salmon with the ladder of ambition — all these you may as soon accomplish, as you can realize any thing from that will-o'-the-wisp glowing in the dead swamp of the Past — an illusive YESTERDAY.'

ON TO-MORROW.

'To-morrow is as much a living uncertainty, as yesterday is a dead certainty. . . . Life! what an awful nothing it is! Not one man in a thousand has the courage to meddle with it. I, who am not afraid to take even a DILEMMA by the horns, dare not take up arms against my life. I want pluck and ammunition.'

ON GIRLS.

'GIRLS are a fleeting show — mere sublunary phantoms. HYMEN changes them into substantial wives and tangible mothers. Divested of their frost-work, and their artificial roses, the calm 'age of reason' ripens them into something like a reality.'

ON MAN.

'MAN is an animal that walks upright upon his hind-legs, and has a head upon his shoulders, covered sometimes with his own hair, but frequently with other folk's. Unlike swine, that fore-nose some things, man fore-knows nothing. But what renders him superior to the brute, is a certain faculty which enables him to guess at things. Man is never long satisfied with any thing. Give him what he wants, and he must have something else: give him as much as he wants, and he wants more.'

One can scarcely fail to observe, even in these few brief 'proverbialisms,' how completely TUPPER is out-TUPPERED. - - - 'THINKING aloud,' as it is termed, is somewhat an equivalent to having 'a window in one's heart.' Some of our readers may have heard of the absent-minded but very honest-thinking and plain-spoken Englishman, who while taking a drive alone in one of the park-suburbs of London, accosted an acquaintance, (a good deal of a bore, yet with whom it was but courteous that he should be on friendly terms,) and asked him to take a seat by his side. Up jumped his friend into the vehicle, nothing loth, yet somewhat unexpectedly to his courteous neighbor; who, by the way, was in the habit of 'isolating his inner man from surrounding circumstances,' and often fancied himself alone, when surrounded by society. On this occasion, after the exchange of the usual meteorological observations, and salutatory common-places, the gentleman holding the ribbons relapsed into silence, which was at length interrupted by his saying, *sotto voce*: 'I've made a great fool of myself by asking this terrible bore to ride with me: very likely he may expect that I shall ask him home to dine with me. Ask him to *dine* with me! — I think I *see* myself doing a thing so ridiculous!' The self-remark was heard, and the unintended hint taken; for his friend, in the sulkiest manner possible, asked to be set down at the next corner. This 'shut-and-open' speaking was well exemplified in an instance mentioned by a friend of ours

at a dinner-table in Fourteenth-street, the other day. Two friends, in the near neighborhood, accustomed frequently to dine at each other's houses, were taking dinner together one Monday afternoon; which dinner was interspersed with occasional conversation, but mostly illuminated by splendid 'bursts of silence.' Presently, thinking *himself* the host, the neighbor-guest suddenly exclaimed: 'Fall to, neighbor L——, fall to! You do n't seem to enjoy your meal. We *have n't* much of a *dinner* to-day, to be sure, for it's washing-day — but try to make out!' A hearty laugh aroused him to a due appreciation of an apology which he thought he was making in his own house! - - - 'THE boy who, during a long sermon, makes pictures of elephants and grim school-masters in the prayer-book; or extemporizes out of the foot-stool, turned bottom-upward, an imaginary ship, and navigates that original craft with his feet all about his end of the pew; that boy is a 'human' boy; and if, in addition to these pranks, I see him throwing sly spit-balls at the sleepy deacon, in the next 'box,' I immediately conceive a respect for him, and desire at once to instruct him in the art of kite-making, and in the manufacture of ravelled-yarn balls and chestnut-wood whistles.' Our *caveat* goes down here against such '*Freedom for Children in Church*' as this, from a waggish pen: for the reason that if, from any cause, children cannot be induced to conduct themselves in an orderly and reverent manner in the sanctuary, they ought not to be *taken* there. But this apart: *here* is something touching children which we can take to heart, and commend to the hearts of all our readers, 'without distinction of sex, age, or condition.' Quite as striking as any thing which could be picked out from the most picturesque portions of the '*Rural Habitation of Uncle THOMAS*,' is a short chapter by Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in a late issue of '*The Independent*' weekly journal, bearing the caption, '*What is to be Done with our Charley?*' In this little sketch, 'the MOTHER' speaks, as only a mother *can* speak. Heedfully scan these few passages:

'EVERY body wants to know what to do with CHARLEY: every body is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new sauce-pan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up into the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till every body's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and every body declares that CHARLEY must be kept out of the garret.'

If you send him to school, in the hope to be rid of him, for a few hours at least, he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever:

'He can dance like JIM SMITH; he has learned to smack his lips like JOE BROWN; and WILL BRIGGS has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from TOM EVANS. He feels large and valorous; he has

learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life.' . . . 'But rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reünion; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace, and lighted with gas, but it is *human* warmth and light he shivers for; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his play-things down and play by you. . . . 'Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day; bear his noise and his ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or show him a picture; devise still parlor plays for him: let him have some place in your house where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound, and make all the litter his heart desires and his various schemes require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well between that safe asylum and one which, if denied, he may make for himself in the street. . . . 'All these things make trouble, to be sure they do: but CHARLEY is to make trouble; that is the nature of the institution: you are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind.'

'You can mould your little boy *now* to your will,' continues 'all the MOTHER:' but look onward, she adds, to the time 'when that little voice shall ring in deep base tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key, now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and *never* find it.' Little People, every where, owe a cordial vote of thanks to their eloquent maternal advocate and defender. - - - 'CURIOUS things happen sometimes,' is a remark, full of wisdom, which one occasionally hears made. It came to our mind just now, by reason of the following: 'CARLOS' sends us a poem; as long as the comet's tail, and as misty. By-and-by comes a letter from a friend of CARLOS's, *in the same hand-of-write*, (this was an over-sight,) asking if the said 'CARLOS' had 'yielded to the persuasion of his friends,' and at last *sent* us '*The Demon of the London Plague?*' — a poem which would 'reflect honor upon American letters, and upon the KNICKERBOCKER?' Come, 'CARLOS,' as there is no '*corn*' in the case, suppose you 'confess the *cob*:' you *did* send both the poem and the letter — *did n't* you? 'Well, *y-e-e-s*, if you ask me as a friend.' Certainly: we *thought* so: and do n't do such a thing again — that's all. Such supererogatory manœuvring is not at all 'in our way.' - - - Not among the least, nor the least important, of the modern uses of the Daguerreotype, is the establishment of *The Rogues' Gallery*, at the order-office of the Metropolitan Police, corner of Broome and Elm-streets, where our long-time friend and staunch New-Yorker, Hon. FREDERICK A. TALLMADGE, holds his head-quarters. It seems to us, that this 'Gallery of Eminent Persons,' renowned in scoundrelism, should be a place of occasional, if not of frequent resort, by our citizens. It is a school of Precaution, where the very first rudiments of the science of '*Look Out!*' are taught in a few easy lessons. Our

old correspondent, 'KIT KELVIN' was examining the group, now consisting of some three hundred 'specimens,' the other day, when two men, with a thin varnish of gentlemen, came in, and began to scrutinize the pictures, stealing furtive glances, occasionally, at each other. A wink to our informant, from one of the officials, with whom he was acquainted, assured him of their character: seeing, as they soon did, that they were observed, (for such are generally shrewd wights, and suspect suspicion,) they presently sneaked out, one after the other. 'Those are two thieves, not yet represented here,' explained the official, 'who have come here to see whether or no *their* portraits adorn the 'Rogues' Gallery.' Look out for them, or either of them, if you ever happen one or the other of them again.' The warning was timely: for that very night, riding up town in one of the east-side city-cars, Mr. KELVIN, himself unobserved, in the mean time, beheld one of these very adroit scoundrels watching apparently every wrinkle in the breast of a light over-coat pocket into which a passenger had but just thrust a pocket-book, with a roll of money in it, and some papers which he had a moment before been thoughtfully examining by the light of the forward car-lamp. He was absolutely upon the very point of making a demonstration upon the pocket, with *something* which was inclosed in his hand, when a loud 'Ahem!' and a searching glance from our friend, (which was *recognized* and returned,) arrested the arm, transferred his hand to his hair, as if to brush up the disordered locks that half-shaded his forehead, and very soon sent him out of the car. He knew that he had been again discovered, and that the chances for 'operating' in *that* vicinity, would be likely to prove both few and small. Yet it had not been seen how he looked *in* his daguerreotype, but only how he looked in looking *for* it. A strong '*Preventive Force*' is the 'Rogues' Gallery' corps, to which, we are glad (and sorry) to learn, important additions are making every day. - - - We were thinking this morning, while deftly reaping, by the level rays of the just-risen 'sun upon the mountains,' a day's harvest of 'baird,' what a pleasure there is in MOTION: for we *saw* the wind in the cedars beyond the little lawn, swaying their heavy branches, and upon the top of its tall emerald-green shaft, planted in the faded and frozen centre of an oval summer-flower bed, our deep carmine-red wind-mill whirling round 'like mad' in the morning-breeze. It is not nearly so pleasant to look out upon even these, in a calm: the cedars motionless; the great river unruffled and smooth as a mirror, with the white idle sails reflected in its glassy bosom, while 'all the air a solemn stillness holds.' When the lofty wind-engine propelled a trip-hammer, it was a delight to wake up in the morning-watches, and welcome the sound which assured you:

'Click-clack goes the mill.'

Motion it is which our never-intermitted daily walk of three miles — 'in breeze or gale or storm; in summer's heat or winter's snows — renders so grateful to the mind, so exhilarating to the body. '*Motion?*' How SHAKESPEARE speaks of it! He makes its absence one of the most revolting of all the terrible adjuncts of death:

'THIS sensible, *warm motion* to become
A kneaded clod,' etc.

There is much which we could wish to descant upon, touching this theme: inso-

much that we hope to remember to revert to it again. - - - SYNONYMOUS with 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' so long and so pleasantly known to our readers, is 'G. H. C.,' of Hartford (Conn.) from whose lively and versatile pen proceed the original and characteristic lines which ensue:

Take it Easy.

'Admit that I am slightly bald —
Pray who 's to blame for that?
And who is wiser for the fact
Until I lift my hat?
Beneath the brim my barbered locks
Fall in a careless way,
Wherein my watchful wife can spy
No lurking thread of gray.

'What though, to read compactest print,
I'm forced to hold my book
A little further off than when
Life's first degree I took?
A yoke of slightly convex lens
The needful aid bestows,
And you should see how wise I look
With it astride my nose.

'Do n't talk of the infernal pangs
Which rheumatism brings —
I'm getting used to pains and aches,
And all those sort of things.
And when the imp Sciatica
Makes his malicious call,
I do not need an almanac
To tell me it is Fall.

'Besides, it gives one quite an air
To travel with a cane,
And makes folk think you 'well to do,'
Although you *are* in pain.
A fashionable hat may crown
Genteel coat and vest,
But ah! the sturdy stick redeems
And sobers all the rest.

'A man deprived of natural sleep
Becomes a stupid elf,
And only steals from father Time
To stultify himself.
So if you 'd be a jovial soul,
And laugh at life's decline,
Take my advice: turn off the gas
And go to bed at nine!

'An easy, cushioned rocking-chair
Suits me uncommon well,
And so do liberal shoes, like these,
With room for corns to swell;
I cotton to the soft lamb's-wool
That lines my gloves of kid,
And love elastic, home-made socks —
Indeed, I always did.

'But what disturbs me most of all,
Is, that sarcastic boys
Prefer to have me somewhere else
When they are at their noise;
That while I try to look and act
As like them as I can,
They will persist in Mister-ing me,
And calling me a man!

'No matter. Let the urchins run,
And merrily shout and play,
I too enjoy the passing hours
As thoroughly as they:
Yes, more than yonder bare-foot boy,
Who yells and capers so,
And whose contortions plainly tell
That he has 'stubbed' his toe!

Our readers will 'take *this* easy!' - - - THERE is one question which we think might form the theme of a debating-society; namely: '*Is Dr. John W. Francis Physically and Professionally Ubiquitous?*' 'As how?' any one but a metropolitan reader might perhaps naturally ask. Because, we reply, you hear of him to-day delivering an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the *Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, Broome County*, two hundred and fifty miles from town: the next day, it may be, an annual discourse before the New-York Medical Society: in the evening, perhaps another, before some important branch of the same, at Bellevue, or in an institution on one of the penal islands of the East-River: and the next day carrying off the rostrum-honors of a dinner given to the veteran and honored surgeon, Dr. VALENTINE MOTT: always speaking from a full mind, replete with 'telling' reminiscence; seldom failing to 'hit the nail on the head,' and at the right moment. That was a most forcible exposition of the awful effects of the abuse of 'alcoholic poisons,' which he cited in the course of his remarks at Binghamton, to which we have alluded. Frequently, he observed, in dissections of the heads of subjects of 'mortal intemperance,' the brain had been found, upon removal of a portion of the skull, to exhale a sickening and pungent odor of 'bad

spirits: ' and that not unfrequently, upon the application of a lighted candle to a vent of the rum-and-gas-filled space, the nauseous vapor would burst into a flame! How truly, then, may it be said of the wretched inebriate, that his 'brain is on fire!' — and, as in the case of the fair-haired youth RODGERS, who has just expiated the awful crime of murder upon the gallows, that his brain, in the language of the BIBLE, was 'set on fire of HELL!' - - - 'The Northern Rail-road of New-Jersey, on the west side of the Hudson, connecting New-York and Piermont, will be in operation before January, 1859, bringing the SANCTUM within an hour's ride of the city, by a delightful route, available at all seasons. A line of omnibuses, passing below our Hill, will connect Piermont and Nyack.' We can confirm the gratifying intelligence thus conveyed. This most desirable and excellently-constructed road, is even now near its completion. (We write previously to December the first.) All the iron for the track, all the ties, etc., are purchased, and the road is made ready for them: passenger-cars, 'with all the modern improvements,' and new locomotives, are to be delivered on the first of December: so that by Christmas-tide (thanks to the indefatigable energy of the PRESIDENT of the road, Mr. DEMAREST, and the unflagging exertions of Messrs. SEYMOUR and TOWER, contractors and lessees,) we can sing:

'Z-Z-Z-IP! and away,
Three times a day,'

to the metropolis and back, before you can *finish* 'shaking a stick,' if you don't shake it too long! - - - 'T. B. H.,' on the Hudson, will pardon us for giving publicity to a portion of his letter, inclosing us a few '*Juvenile Passages for Our Little Folks' Table;*' for there is a lesson in it which we would fain have heeded:

'THIS child died before he had reached his sixth year, under circumstances painfully interesting. Some parents who read the KNICKERBOCKER, and whom GOD has blessed with little children, may profit by my relation of them. He was a bright scholar at school; always first to get his lesson, and never so well pleased as when showing how well he had got it. In the heat of the summer, he was taken from school, and sent into the country for a few weeks. There, surrounded by new scenes, he soon forgot all about school or books. But he returned home with rosy cheeks and light spirits. He commenced attending school again; *but could not get his lessons.* His mind was in the hay-fields and poultry-yards. Mortified to see his class-mates making progress, and he making none, he came to dread school as much as he had formerly loved it: and one day he absented himself from school, without the leave of his parents. For this, his father took him to task, and asked him if he wished to grow up an ignorant, bad boy, such as he saw in the streets every day. The appeal went home to the little fellow's heart, and his eyes moistened as he told his father, that he would go to school, and *would* get his lesson. He was as good as his word. That afternoon he plied himself to his books as he never had before, and no one in the class had the lesson so perfect as he. On returning home, he joyfully told his father of his success. But alas! the mental faculties had achieved a dear triumph over the body. That night the child went to bed complaining of a head-ache. Before morning, he was discovered to be very ill. The family physician was called, who pronounced the disease brain-fever! It was an obstinate case, and terminated fatally in a few hours. The afternoon lesson, which he *would* get, sent that darling to the land of spirits.'

By many, will this be remembered. - - - We have received from the press of EDWARD S. MORRIS, Philadelphia, '*Paschal's Pilgrimage, a Philosophical Poem, in Three Cantos*,' accompanied by a '*Letter to the Press*,' attached, yet detached, which in some measure disarms the criticism which it solicits. It is plainly and simply written, in the common dog-trot jingle, and it has some 'good *points*,' and what may be called 'telling' satirical hits; but we cannot aver that we think it destined to 'make a sensation.' We subjoin a specimen-brick or two. In searching for a hero, our author discovers many which are not 'of the right sort.' Particularly, he disaffects military heroes:

'T is not denied that much heroic stuff
Is still extant; we've Captains quite enough,
Colonels and Generals, too; but the objection
Is want of the *poetical complexion*.
As every emperor is not a NERO,
So every fighting-man is not a hero.
He may be wise in council, brave in battle,
And make his foemen run like frightened cattle;
He may be crowned with journalistic glory,
And yet not fit to shine in epic story.
A hero for this use must be romantic,
Eccentric — somewhat soft and somewhat frantic.
Of all the doughty warriors of our times,
None are exactly suited to my rhymes.'

Nor does he want a modern novel-hero: one of those handsome, interesting young men, with whom so many silly girls fall in love:

'No handsome bandit, roaming in disguise,
Who writes soft sonnets, and the pistol plies;
To-day experiences a lover's sorrow,
And pays due penance in the jail to-morrow;
No gallant youth, of character august,
Whom girls admire and tailors will not trust:
Rich in assurance, whiskers and mustache,
But poor enough in modesty and cash.'

He 'gets out' much truth, and hints at 'modern acts,' in an adjoining passage, which must close our extracts:

'KNAVES all, perhaps, whom their own lands disown,
Who best can flourish where they least are known;
Felons, from trans-Atlantic jails escaped,
Whose course to poor America is shaped,
To captivate the daughters of our land,
With spurious titles and pretensions grand,
With copper jewelry and brazen faces,
And many queer outlandish airs and graces;
They charm the artless Yankee girls, perhaps,
And catch them, too, in matrimonial traps.
Fresh in our memory is that strange affair
Of Monsieur Zouave, *alias* RIVIERE;
Who played the foreign count, an heiress won,
Beguiled *la mère* and then prepared to run:

But ah! too soon developed was the plot;
 His countship, his nobility forgot,
 Fled like a common rogue—a region sought
 Where bull-frogs, and not heiresses are caught.
 There, in a sailor's 'round-about' disguised,
 And gingham shirt, poor Monsieur was surprised!
 When by a cruel constable o'er-hauled,
 The gallant Gaul considerably was galled;
 Startled, amazed, shocked, horrified, distressed,
 His sad emotions thus the Count expressed:
 'Oh! me have left no place where for to go—
 I cannot change myself but zey vill know!
 I shave my visker, cut my beard away:
 I pull off long-tailed coat and vescoat gay:
 I put on sailor jacket—all in vain!
 Zey catch me still, and fetch me back again.
 Vat for ze peeple's parsecoot me so?
 I've turn honest—two, tree days ago.
 I will not be ze dashing Count no more,
 But catch ze leetle frog, just like before,
 And make my dinnare so: for dat my trade is:
 And no more vill I spark de Yankee ladies.'

Buy a full 'prescription' of PASCAL. - - - 'A. J. C.,' of New-Jersey, who sent us a little volume for perusal and notice, and upon which we commented briefly, in closing our October number, writes us, among others, the following sentences: 'You have served me right; and allow me to offer you my thanks for the severe rebuke which you have so kindly tendered me in your last KNICKERBOCKER in relation to the 'Memoir' referred to. I assure you that I am heartily glad to escape with even *that* battery of verbal castigation. I have perused the pages of your Magazine ever since my twelfth year, and am seriously ashamed to think that I have been justified in receiving such a broadside: but I beg to assure you that I had no sinister motive in sending the work; it was a mere foolish freak.' 'All right:' this confession is as frank and manly as the act to which it alludes was otherwise. It now only remains for us to proffer the well-intended and un-'patronising' advice, 'Not to do so again.' - - - A RATHER unseasonable, if not an altogether unreasonable request, is mentioned by a Sandusky (Ohio) correspondent, as having been preferred by an unfortunate individual in that region. He was given to 'toping;' and one night, while driving homeward in a crazy one-horse wagon, in crossing a rail-road track, he was run into by the locomotive, his vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unhurt, about two rods from the scene of the disaster. The engineer stopped the train to see if any one was killed, and discovered the victim on his hands and knees: 'Well, friend,' said he, 'are you badly hurt?' The reply, yankee-like, was by another question, 'long drawn out:' 'Will—you—set-t-le now, or—wait till—till morning?' The engineer vanished! - - - Our readers will have little difficulty in recalling the 'Mr. E. S ———,' of the Des Moines district in Iowa, who some months since owned a 'Steam Wool-Carding Machine,' on Four-Mile Creek, where he 'dispatched' *his customers* at the shortest notice, and at the rate of twenty pounds an hour. It was the 'same party' who 'dispatched' to his inamorata

the annexed charming epistle. It is a verbatim copy of the original, which was picked up in one of the streets of Des Moines :

‘*des Moines iowa nov. 12, 1857*

‘MY DEAR MISS: the pleasing prospect I have of taking you out a slaying the first good snow that comes is enough to lift my sole above the sordid vanities of this whorld with such an intelligent young lady as you are. yours in love purity and fidelity

‘E. S —.’

We can assure ‘Mr. E. S —’, that is the general hope, in this distant region, that he had a ‘good time’ ‘a-slaying’ his dulcinea. - - - HERE are two other letters, both of which are entirely authentic, which have been sent us from widely-separated quarters, as indicative of the fact that ‘the school-master is *not* abroad’ in all sections of our ‘great and glorious country’ :

‘honoured Sir I have written you those few lines stating that my daughter is lying sick in the stirricle fits she as them three or four times since last June the pain rises from the temple of the head her blood is very low colour.’

22 Oktobr 158.

‘iw as uptogotion to se tom haris aboutht afraccktion land that you have in indiana in gleavelen township 70 aught agers that iwant to by and haris told me that he dont no if you want to Sell it or not and he Sait iShall rite toyou abouthtit in wat condishion you wood sell it if you wood sell it and give amantime to pa it and wat prise you wood Sellit.

‘J. D. S —,

‘el Card county indiana.’

WE scarcely know what to make of the elegiac verses, having their origin in Barnstable, (Mass.) which have been sent to us by an unknown Boston friend, ‘*On the Death of a Young Married Lady.*’ What is the *measure* of the ‘article?’ — Cape Cod hexameters? It looks like it. If *this* is to be the ‘style of thing,’ in the way of imitation, our friend Mr. LONGFELLOW will have much to answer for. Specimens:

‘WHEN such a mark is found, and he commissioned,
With stealthy step he treads and takes his stand:
He draws his bow most cautiously, and waits
Till the summons come, that he may let the arrow fly.

‘She wept a mother’s tears of tender and pure sorrow,
But soon must others much more sadly weep for her:
Consumption, fatal disease to many on our coast,
Where chilling winds prevail, soon cut her down.

‘But as she stops to make a change from car to stage,
A voice once familiar inquires if all with her is well:
It is the voice of a pastor who in years gone by
Had pointed the way of life to both mother and daughter.’

It cannot be possible that any friend of the deceased can derive consolation from such miserable doggerel as this. - - - It is not too much, we think, even for *us* to say, that among the various gift-books of the season, there will not be one more attractive, or better worthy of preservation for *future* perusal and examination, than ‘*The Knickerbocker Gallery of American Authors,*’ beginning with

WASHINGTON IRVING, and ending with FITZ-GREENE HALLECK: with its nearly half a hundred splendid portraits, superbly engraved on steel: each writer contributing a *special* article for the work; and the whole, in printing, paper, and binding, *unexcelled*, 'here or elsewhere.' It will 'do us *good*,' as the phrase is, to find our friends, in this instance, indorsing by their *practice*, the *opinions* herein expressed. Its cost was *over sixteen thousand dollars*: so that it *ought* to be good — and it *is*. - - - COLONEL BAKER, of California, recently uttered the following sentence, in pleading the cause of a San-Francisco 'defendant.' It is noble in sentiment, if it be a little grandiloquent in expression: 'There is not, on all this earth, a creature so poor, so God-and-man abandoned, so hunted to cities of refuge, so fearful of life, so afraid of death, that I would not find a hand to help him, and a tongue to speak in his defence, though round his head all the waves of popular opinion should rage and roar, as the ocean rolls round the rock!' *Such* a man is an *Advocate*. - - - WE are indebted to *some* one for a most elaborate consideration of the sensible maxim, '*There is no Use in Crying for Spilt Milk*.' It is a striking illustration of *Maximus in Minimis*, as may be gathered from 'the ground laid out' in the very introduction. It opens with an assertion which has been somewhat questioned hereabout recently:

'THE practice of using *Milk*, as an article of diet, is by no means a novelty. Sheep and goats and cows and camels have yielded the nutritious liquid to the coaxing hand of man, from the earliest ages. In ancient times, lands which were exceedingly fruitful were said to 'flow with milk and honey;' that being the highest possible praise. And who can say when 'the milk of human kindness,' of which such frequent mention is made, first took its place among grateful cordials? Nor are the moderns the first sufferers from such accidents as that implied in our text. Doubtless, antediluvian cows were as sensitive and freakish as their post-diluvian descendants, and frequently kicked over the 'operatives' and their frothy treasure. To milk one of those wild heifers must have required no small degree of skill and courage. But there were giants in those days, and they may have kept mastodons instead of cows. In that case, 'milk-maids' must have commanded high wages. . . . Milk has been spilled in all ages of the world. The stream of Time is very much discolored by it. Nor does the experience of the past furnish us with the means of putting a stop to this waste. Almost six thousand years have rolled away since this evil first arose; but it still 'obtains,' as extensively as ever. And the worst of it is, that mankind seem utterly careless and indifferent upon the subject. Flies may bite, tails whisk, feet kick, pails upset, and the creamy fluid be splashed about, and flow in torrents to the earth: yet men remain unmoved: no one thinks of making a stir in the matter.'

THE '*Squint at West-Greenwich, Rhode-Island*,' is unique. Its *motive* is good: for it would essay to aid the great cause of TEMPERANCE. In style, it is Hexametrical. It was at West-Greenwich:

'WHERE they had a very grand opera-ball,
Tickets one-dollar-and-fifty, including supper:
And while the guests danced in the hall,
The rowdies bet on the roulette in the cellar.

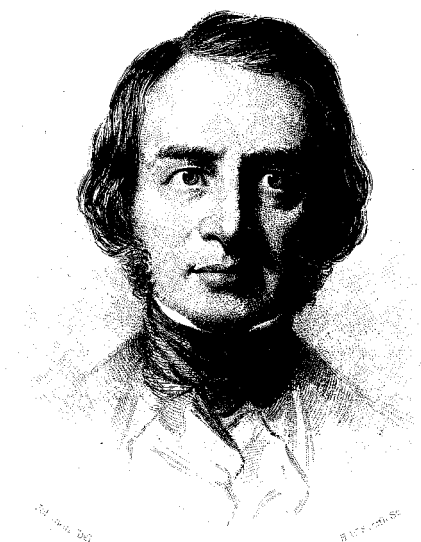
'Oh! what a disgrace to all human nature!
Oh! what a horrible influence do they exert:

I'm sure that any person who deals in liquor
Should not hold the office of Town Clerk.

'Like the pirate upon the wide sea,
Or like the wild-beast in the forest,
Oh! sell no more liquor would he,
To fill with anguish a families' breast!

'I'd sooner black my visage o'er
And put the polish on boots and shoes;
Than I'd stand in a liquor-store,
And rinse the glasses that drunkards use.'

Strong 'poetry' this, we should say. - - - We saw, in one of our daily journals yesterday, a paragraph headed, '*Horrible Suicide*,' of which the 'net purport and upshot' was, that at a place called Cypress, in Mississippi, a father, who had ordered an only son to leave his house forever, on the penalty of a severe beating with a cow-hide: which penalty, the son tarrying for a moment to remonstrate, he began savagely to inflict, when his mother interceded in his behalf, for which crime she herself was beaten cruelly over her head and bosom by the unnatural father. This was too much for the poor boy: to save from cruel abuse the mother who bore him, and himself from 'paternal' torment, he deliberately shot himself, 'after giving himself half an hour for repentance.' Was this a 'horrible suicide' by the son, or a 'horrible murder' by an unnatural father? - - - From 'Balto.,' under a recent date, cometh the annexed from 'S. B.:' 'Judge B——, of A—— A—— County, has a charming little son just 'going out' into his 'teens,' who, being at a neighbor's one day last week, heard some one present remark that a certain commission-merchant in this city had 'burst.' It at once occurred to him that his father (being a large planter) might have some interest in this sad catastrophe: so off the little fellow goes, over the fields and through the woods, in search of his father: finding him at last, he informed him: 'Mr. S—— has burst—split all open!' - - - An obliging correspondent ('S. K. P.,' of Brooklyn,) writes us: 'The selection in the 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of the KNICKER-BOCKER for December, commencing, 'For my part, I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly,' is from LONGFELLOW's 'Hyperion.' You will find it on page 237 of that work. I noticed a mistake or two in your copy, but not enough to alter the tender and kindly sentiments which the poet has so beautifully expressed. It affords me sincere pleasure to be able to give you the author's name, as a very small return for the many hours of pleasure I have derived from the entertaining and instructive pages of your ever-welcome Magazine.' - - - We wish to make the ensuing remark: Some things are unreasonable, and this is of them. 'Arcus,' of Portsmouth, (N. H.) might just as well ask us to thrust our finger into a pail of water, pull it out, and look for the hole that it made, as to search for '*A Winter-Day in the Notch*,' sent us, he *thinks*, by a friend now deceased, some four or six years ago!' Very indefinite: and we have not the slightest recollection of ever having received an article with so rememberable a title. 'Expect not!'



Henry W. Longfellow